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STORIES FOR STANDARD IV.

EDITED BY

W. T. GREENUP, F.R.G.S.,

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

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THREE TUNS PASSAGE, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.
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PREFACE.

—o—

As a rule, long prefaces are not desirable; a book generally speaks for itself. A few words only are needed for this.

Most of the stories are original; those which are not so have been entirely re-written for the purposes of this book.

The principle of syllabication is that adopted in *Stories for Standard III.*, for which see preface to that book.

A somewhat novel feature in this and the succeeding volumes is the series of stories on Domestic Economy, penned by a lady of experience in these matters. It is to be hoped that instruction conveyed in this form will be found useful to the girls who will be the housekeepers and matrons of the next generation.

W. T. G.

CAMBRIDGE, *May* 1880.

CONTENTS.

The italics indicate poetry.



LESSON I.

THE NEW BOOK'S STORY.

am-bass-a-dor, one who represents his sovereign
as-sured, made certain
do-mes-tic, belonging to the house
em-i-nent, great
rick-et-y, feeble in the joints
soiled, made dirty
tes-ti-mo-ny, evidence
u-ni-form, dress
wan-ton-ly, recklessly

ac-quaint-ance	**fru-gal**	**in-tro-duce**	**re-cog-nise**
en-gin-eer	**im-ag-in-a-tion**	**mis-sion-a-ry**	**re-spect-a-ble**
en-ter-tain	**in-dus-tri-ous**	**pre-fer**	**us-age**

Good morning, my young friends! Allow me to introduce myself. *Stories for Standard IV.*

is my name, and I am not ashamed of it either. You may, perhaps, know some of my younger brothers, and I hope you are none the worse for the acquaintance; but wait until you know my two big brothers, and then see if you do not pronounce us to be a highly respectable family. I am not allowed to say much about these two, because they prefer to speak for themselves. I am quite sure of this, however, that neither of them will care to come here (I mean into your hands) until I first give a good account of you, and say you are quite prepared to receive them.

Some folks call my next older brother 'mighty particular,' because he never will step forward and introduce himself until he is first assured that I am well known and thoroughly understood. He is a little stouter than I am, but not so stout as the oldest of the family, who is a very fine fellow indeed. Still, that is not so very wonderful when you consider how many more letters they carry about them, and how many more pages they have swallowed.

In other respects we are very much alike, and bear a strong family likeness. Being dressed in scarlet uniform, we are sometimes compared to a little company of soldiers. But I suppose you would rather hear more about myself than about the other members of the family. Most of them are big enough, and old enough, to speak for themselves; so, without keeping you waiting any longer, I will give you a short sketch of myself.

First of all, let me say that I hope I have got into good hands to-day. I have come here to amuse, interest, and instruct you; and it would be rather hard lines to be abused and insulted,

to be torn and scratched, or, worse still, to be treated with indifference and neglect, after all. A friend of mine was found last week in a miserable plight: part of his body was found round a pound of butter, another part covered the remains of a red herring, whilst his backs—you see books are better off than children, *you* have only one back, *we* have two,—yes, his backs were used to prop up an old rickety table that had a short leg.

Surely I may claim better usage than that. When you have learnt all you can from me, and thoroughly understood all within my bright covers,—when you wish me to give way to some one else,—then lay me gently on the shelf or in the drawer, or, better still, give me to some younger friend, and I will try to entertain him or her as well as I hope to entertain you. In parting from me you may, if you like, shed a tear over me, but not *on* me, lest you send me away soiled for life.

Well now, I am here to tell you all sorts of stories: some will make you laugh, and, perhaps, some may make you cry. Some of them are about the history of our own country. When I say 'our own country,' I mean England, of course, for I am a true-born Englishman; but if a boy from Scotland or Ireland should read me through, no doubt he will recognise some of the stories as belonging to *his* country.

You must not be surprised if I take you to other countries besides these. We may have a trip, in imagination, as far as India or Japan; if that be too hot we will visit the snows of Iceland and Russia.

Of kings and queens I shall have something

to say. It is not many boys who can hope to be kings, nor many girls who can hope to be queens; but you may all become noble in character, and royal in princely deeds.

I have not forgotten other great and good men, whose examples I want you to imitate. Do not say, when you read about these eminent men, 'Oh, I am unknown and poor, I shall never be great and rich!' John Bunyan, who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was at one time only a tinker. Sir Richard Arkwright, who invented the spinning-frame, and died very rich, was at one time a barber. George Stephenson, the great engineer, at one time worked in a coal-mine. And the great Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller and missionary, was once a poor factory boy. You are better off in one respect than any of these were, namely, you have the chance of a better education. If you will but give your best attention to me and other friends of mine, you may become as great, as happy, and as useful as any of them.

Boys are generally fond of animals, and, as a rule, treat them kindly. I have some stories about them, which I hope will interest you and lead you to be kinder still. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast,' says the Old Book, and no boy worthy of the name would be wantonly cruel to any of God's creatures.

Girls ought to know a good deal about domestic matters, and I trust they will find something suitable for them within my pages. If I can lead you to be thoughtful, industrious, and frugal, I shall not have been written in vain.

I hope both boys and girls who read me are fond of music. If so, they will be glad to know

what I can tell them about some famous musicians. You will not sing or play any the worse for knowing that these famous men were at one time children very much like yourselves.

One word more, and then it will be time for me to withdraw for the present. My stories will require from you some faith in my truthfulness, or you will hardly believe one-half of some of the stories. Your knowledge and experience are very limited as yet, and you will be largely dependent on the testimony of others, unless you would be as foolish as a certain king of Siam. What of him? I will tell you. When the Dutch ambassador told him that in his country (Holland) the rivers were sometimes so hard that horses and men could walk over them, this king threatened to cut off the ambassador's head if he talked such nonsense any more. You see, because he had not *seen* ice himself he would not believe in its existence.

LESSON 2.

STORY OF JACK FROST.

bev-ies, flocks
blus-ter-ing, noisy
crest, top, summit
de-nounce, speak against
glis-ten-ing, sparkling
ju-ven-ile, young, youthful
loit-er, linger
mar-gin, edge
pane, square of glass
per-ma-nent, fixed, principal
pro-pen-si-ties, habits
sheen, splendour
sym-pa-thise, feel for

can-vas **gen-er-a-tions** **per-suade** **vir-tues**
fa-vour-ite **of-ten-er** **quiv-er-ing** **whis-pered**

I am to tell my own story; so here it is. How I got the name *Jack* puzzles me. Of course, I had no more to do with choosing it than you boys had to do with choosing yours. It is a name that has been in my family for many generations, and that is the reason, I suppose, of my bearing it. I don't think it is a nickname either, for I never remember having been called *John Frost;* in fact, I should hardly know myself by that name. No, I like *Jack* best, after all, so we will stick to that, please.

They tell me I am a great favourite with most boys. I think I know why that is so: 'Birds of a feather flock together,' says the old proverb, and boys are something like me, inclined to a little bit of mischief sometimes.

Some of the older people denounce me, I know, and say I steal into their gardens during the night and nip the fruit trees. Many a servant girl, too, lays it to *my* charge when she has broken a window-pane herself.

Never mind, my juvenile friends will hold

forth my virtues, I know, notwithstanding they are so often in trouble on my account. I bite their toes and fingers and noses, and get them into numerous scrapes by making them late at school. In spite of my coldness, they always give me a warm welcome.



Talk about artists and pictures! the boys will tell you I am the best artist they know. Wonderful to them is the fact that I often paint my pictures in the night, and use their window-panes for a canvas. When they see the old church and all the trees decked out in pure

white, and glistening as if with the diamonds of some Eastern princess, they make sure I have rare fun in store for all who do not mind my biting propensities.

'Here is our friend, Jack Frost, again!' exclaim the boys on their way to school, and off they go to enjoy the fun I have provided for them. Here a slide, and there a slide; tripping, tumbling, and bumping, never thinking of school until I am afraid they are too late, and get a little bit of something else that is biting and sharp besides myself.

I am always sorry when boys loiter about with me when they should be in school. I say to them sometimes, 'Get away into school, now. I shall not run away before you come out again, and you will enjoy my company all the more for having worked hard at your lessons.' But no, some of them will not listen to me; they get into trouble, and I find it no use to sympathise with them, for they are sure to do the same thing again.

Now, some boys are very curious about me, and want to know where I come from, and where I live; that is, where my permanent home is. A great many older people would like to know that too. I have a great many homes, which no human beings have ever visited yet. I am sure it cannot be for want of invitation. I shall be glad to see any who have courage and strength and skill enough to make the journey.

One of my homes is at the North Pole. Now, I don't have many visitors there; a human being I cannot remember to have ever seen there. I know some people try to persuade boys that there is a man named John Smith on the top of

that pole, but it isn't true. I am the only John in that region, and those who don't believe it are welcome to come and see.

I should like to visit this country a little oftener than I do, if possible. They are kind to me, and speak well of me, for the most part. Even those who do not like me would find that I was not a very cold-hearted fellow after all, if they knew more about me. It is not for me to sing my own praises; but I can tell them that my first cousin, the Snow, cold as he appears, keeps the earth warmer during the winter than many folds of blankets could do. And so I, sharp and biting as I am to these people, have more to do in keeping them healthy and strong than they think.

Before I take my leave of you, I will give you a song that was composed about me many years ago by an American lady.

JACK FROST.

The Frost look'd forth one still clear night,
And whisper'd, 'Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley, and over the height,
    In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
    But I'll be as busy as they!'

Then he flew to the mountain and powder'd its crest;
He climb'd up the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads; and over the breast
    Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
    Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
    By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and
  trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers;
  and these
    All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
    'Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he;
'This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
    Shall "tchick!" to tell them I'm drinking.'

H. F. GOULD.

LESSON 3.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

I. ALFRED THE GREAT.

Hep-tarch-y, seven kingdoms
il-lus-tri-ous, great, grand
mead, drink made of honey and water
min-strel, singer
mon-arch, king
or-i-gin, beginning
peas-ant, countryman
rate, reprove, find fault
rev-el-ries, noisy feasts
so-journ, short stay
tem-po-ra-ry, for a short time

con-ceived **dis-guise** **Eth-an-dune** **Eth-el-red** **Eth-el-wolf** **rav-ag-ing** **re-cre-a-tion** **sep-ar-ate**

In our last book, *Stories for Standard III.*, we read a little about the childhood of this great and noble king. We will now read about two or three events which happened during his reign, and which caused that reign to be illustrious.

He was the youngest son of Ethelwolf, and grandson of Egbert, who had first united the separate states of the Saxon Heptarchy into one kingdom. You were told before that his three older brothers were kings of England in turn before he ascended the throne. In the frequent wars of their reigns he had many opportunities of showing his courage and skill on the battle-field. In one of them, before he was twenty years of age, he fought so bravely, and set such a brave example, that the battle resulted in a victory for his brother Ethelred.

In the year 871 he ascended the throne, being then nearly twenty-two years of age. The Danes at that time were ravaging the country,

and attacking the people so fiercely, that Alfred had scarcely any time for mourning for his brother, the late king. These Danes poured into the country from Denmark and other countries near in such numbers, that for a time he was overpowered and compelled to hide, until he was able to raise larger forces of soldiers. He chose for his temporary hiding-place the woods and marshes of Somersetshire, whither he went in the disguise of a peasant. It was during this sojourn that the well-known story of the cakes happened, and which you may read in almost every history-book.

Some books tell us that he hired himself to a swineherd, or keeper of oxen; others that he merely found his way into the swineherd's cabin by accident one day. No matter, however; the story is as good either way. One day the wife of this swineherd, or farmer, told him to watch some cakes that were baking on the hearth, and to see that they did not burn, while she attended to other household duties. For a time Alfred sat watching them, and trimming his bow, which required mending. Presently his thoughts wandered off from the peasant's cabin and cakes to his poor unhappy country, and to the best means of driving out the Danes. So when the good woman came back she found the cakes all spoilt and burnt. And then didn't she scold and rate him finely! Some people say she boxed his ears; and no wonder, either. She told him he was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, ready enough to eat the cakes when done, but not willing to mind them while baking. I wonder what the good dame would have thought had she known she was speaking to the king.

After a time he was able to communicate with his faithful followers, and gather around him a band of devoted soldiers. He was then anxious, before encountering his enemies, to know two things: first, how numerous the Danes were, and second, the best means of attacking them. For this purpose he conceived the idea of going right into the midst of the camp of the Danes in disguise. It was a most dangerous step, and had it failed the whole history of our country might have been changed.

Dressed as a harper or minstrel, the disguised monarch made his way into the camp of the Danes. His music was so attractive to these wild Northmen that they treated him most handsomely, and even took him to their king, Guthrum. He was invited to feast at the table of their lord, and spent some days in the camp. All this time Alfred had his eyes and his ears wide open, and took account of everything that would aid him in his attack upon them. One night, while the Danes were holding their revelries, and drinking their mead and ale, he stole away from the camp in the darkness. Meeting a few of his officers in the forest of Selwood, he sent them to gather as many of his soldiers as they could. He then made out his plan of attack, knowing well which would be the best hour to make it, and knowing exactly where to strike. Next day he arranged his men, and attacked the enemy, defeating them with great slaughter. Bythis battle (Ethandune), Alfred may be said to have regained his crown.

From that time the Danes never troubled England again as long as Alfred lived. Those who were spared were glad to accept peace on

any terms. And herein can we see the true greatness of Alfred's character: instead of driving them all out of the country, or putting them to death, as he might have done, he allowed them to settle down in a part of the country which he gave them for their own, and which he called the *Danelagh*, or the Danes' land. This was the true method of subduing them. Guthrum and several of his chiefs were baptized; and the fierce Danes, who were once the terror of the people, settled down into quiet, peaceable citizens.

When peace was restored, King Alfred turned his attention to making good laws and to improving the condition of his people. London and many other cities owe much to him, either for their existence or rebuilding. He did what he could to make the country safe, by building ships of war, and by erecting land fortifications.

You have been told that he established schools and encouraged learning in every possible way. He also promoted foreign commerce and home manufactures, bringing over from other countries men who could instruct in useful arts.

He was a skilful lawgiver. Whenever a law was made he took care that it was strictly enforced, so that the rights of persons were regarded and secured. Many of the laws of the country at this day, especially those known as *Common Law*, owe their origin to King Alfred the Great.

Above all, he set his people a good example in everything. Although for many years of his life he was subject to a painful disease, his days were most diligently and usefully employed. Each day he divided into three equal portions of eight hours each: one part he gave up to sleep, meals, and recreation; another part to

business and the affairs of his country; the third part he devoted to learning and religious exercises. The way in which he measured the time shows him to be a man of genius. He invented *time-candles*, which burnt down from notch to notch in a certain number of minutes. To protect them from being blown out or from burning away too quickly, by the draughts which forced themselves through every part of the houses of those times, he placed these candles in lanterns made of fine horn.

When he died, in the year 901, after a reign of twenty-nine years, this country lost one of the best and noblest kings it has had.

LESSON 4.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

II. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

al-ly, helper
ban-ished, sent away
cav-al-ry, horse soldiers
de-signs, plans
em-barked, set sail
en-sued, followed
fa-tal, causing death
peas-ants, country people
re-cent, late
re-in-forced, increased, strengthened
re-newed, made over again

ar-ranged	**fam-ous**	**oc-cu-pied**	**reigned**
dawned	**Had-ra-da**	**pi-rates**	**ship-wrecked**
de-fied	**in-va-sion**	**pre-par-a-tion**	**stub-born-ly**

This battle took place between the Normans under William and the Saxons under Harold. Time, the morning of the 14th of October 1066; place, a hilly portion of Sussex, then

called Senlac, now called Battle, and about eight or nine miles from Hastings. A few words of introduction before we speak about this famous battle; first about the Normans, and then about the Saxons.

First, about the Normans. William, Duke of Normandy, laid claim to the throne of England upon the death of Edward the Confessor on two accounts. One was, that Edward had promised it to him when they were boys together in Normandy; and the other, that Harold had renewed that promise for himself, after being shipwrecked on the Norman coast and delivered from a cruel count (into whose hands he had fallen) by the Duke of Normandy. Be the promises true or not, William of Normandy, when he heard that King Edward was dead and that Harold reigned in his stead, made preparation for enforcing his claim to the English throne. For months he occupied himself in fitting out ships and raising men. Towards the end of September he embarked for the English shore with some 60,000 men and a fleet of nearly 1000 ships. Landing on the coast of Sussex, he marched to Hastings the next day, and set up his camp there. He was quite unopposed thus far; not a Saxon soldier did he see, for reasons you will presently learn.

Now about the Saxons. They were not ignorant of the designs of the Norman duke; on the other hand, they too had been preparing for war, and intended to give him battle as soon as his ships touched their shores. Unfortunately for them, however, just at the time William left the shores of France for England, Harold and his soldiers were called to the northern part of

England to resist another invasion. His own brother, Tostig, who had been banished from the country, had returned, accompanied by Hadrada, the king of Norway, and taken possession of York. Harold, in the midst of his troubles, would have been glad to offer his brother favourable terms; but when asked what he would offer Hadrada, he replied, 'Seven feet of English earth for a grave.' This Norwegian king was a giant, said to be about seven feet high. A battle ensued at Stamford Bridge, in which Tostig and the giant, with thousands of their followers, were slain. Three or four days after this, William the Norman had landed at Hastings; so you will see that Harold and his men had to hasten southwards, without stopping to heal their wounds, in order to prevent the Normans from reaching London, the capital of the country.

When Harold reached London he had only 20,000 men, and with these he pushed on to meet the foe. He took up his position at Senlac Hill, about eight miles from Hastings. It would have been better for him to have waited until he could have rested his troops and reinforced their numbers; but he was over-confident on account of his recent victory over his brother and his ally. But the Normans were a very different foe from the Northmen and pirates he had just defeated.

The battle began at nine o'clock in the morning. How differently had the two armies spent the previous night! The Normans had looked well to their arms and horses, and spent much time in religious devotions; the Saxons feasted and rejoiced, and sang their old war songs.

Morning dawned, and William, after addressing his troops, led them to battle.

The English (as we shall now call the Saxons) were for the most part armed with spears and battle-axes; some of the peasants, who had been pressed into the ranks, had nothing but pitchforks. The Normans were better clad, having suits of armour. At first the battle was certainly in favour of the English. The Norman bowmen made but little impression on them, as the English arranged themselves in the form of a wedge; when the cavalry charged them their lances were broken and their coats of mail hacked in pieces. William tried again and again to break the ranks of the English, and scatter them, but his own men suffered severely.

At length he ordered his soldiers to retreat, and as they fell back the English followed them. By thus drawing them away from their defences two or three times, he managed to inflict heavy losses upon them. Still the battle was not in his favour.

Round the English standard stood Harold and his two brothers. They were supported by men of strength and courage, who defied all the power of the Normans. In spite of arrows, swords, and lances, they remained by the standard, and cut down, with their terrible battle-axes, all who came near.

At last William told his archers to point their arrows upwards, that they might fall on the heads of the English. This was fatal to Harold, for he was struck by an arrow which entered his left eye and pierced his brain.

The English then gave way, but fought stubbornly every step. Twenty Norman soldiers



BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

took an oath to seize the banner round which the battle had raged all day; ten of their number perished before it fell into their hands.

Little more need be said. The darkness enabled some of the English to withdraw to the woods and escape, but the fate of the Saxons was decided; the reign of William the Conqueror had begun.

LESSON 5.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

III. THE DEATH OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

ac-com-plished, done
ang-uish, intense pain
bark, small ship
blent, mixed
crew, sailors
fest-al, belonging to a feast
freight, cargo, load
liege, sovereign, lord
reck-less, not caring
tour-ney, combat

ac-know-ledged **daugh-ter** **res-cued** **suc-cess-ors**
at-tend-ants **pit-e-ous** **sav-age-ly** **sur-vi-vors**
Bar-fleur **pos-ses-sions** **sim-i-lar** **ter-ri-fied**

Prince William was the eldest son of King Henry I., and therefore grandson of William the Conqueror, of whom you read in the last lesson. Of the death of this prince a sad story is told.

Henry I. had visited his Norman possessions, accompanied by his son, in order to have the latter properly acknowledged by the Norman nobles as his successor. This being accomplished, the king prepared to return to England. He had just chosen his ship from among the fleet at Barfleur, and was about to embark, when a man named Thomas Fitzstephen stepped forward

and addressed him thus: 'My liege! my father, Stephen, the son of Erard, served thy father all his life upon the sea; he steered the vessel which carried the duke to the conquest of England. Let me, I pray thee, have now a similar office. I have a ship called *La Blanche-Nef* (the *White Ship*), which is fully manned with sailors of renown. Let me, then, steer you to England.'

The king replied that, for himself, his vessel was chosen, but that for the sake of former services he would trust his two sons and daughter in the *White Ship*, along with the nobles and attendants of their train. So saying the king set sail, and arrived upon the coast of England the next day.

On board the *White Ship* were Prince William, his half-brother Prince Richard, their sister the Princess Marie, and nobles to the number of 140, with their servants, besides about fifty sailors; so that altogether some 300 souls were on board.

Instead of following immediately the king's ship, the prince ordered three casks of wine to be given out to the crew, to make merry before they sailed. And so while the sailors were drinking, the prince and the nobles were dancing on the deck of the ship in the beautiful clear moonlight.

The captain and his crew, excited by the wine, and almost out of their wits, made a boast that they would overtake the vessel of the king. With this intention they pulled away savagely at the oars, encouraged by the prince and his company. Suddenly they found themselves among some rocks, on one of which the ship struck violently, and immediately began to fill with water.

Then a piteous cry arose above the water from

nearly every voice, so loud that it was heard in the king's ship, several miles away, though at the time the king little knew what that terrible cry meant. The only boat in the ship was lowered at once, and the terrified captain thrust in the prince and a few of his friends, bidding them row for the shore with all possible speed.

Just as they were rowing away a scream from the sinking ship made known the fact that the Princess Marie was still on board. Reckless and thoughtless as Prince William had been, he could not leave his sister thus to perish. 'Row back, row back, at any risk!' cried he; and the ship was soon reached again.

No sooner was the boat by the side of the ship than a great number of the passengers threw themselves into it. It was immediately upset, and its living freight buried beneath the waves. In a few minutes afterwards the *White Ship* disappeared too.

Out of those 300 persons only two were seen alive on the waters. One of these was a poor butcher of Rouen; the other was a young nobleman called Godfrey. The captain, Fitzstephen, when he heard that the prince and his royal relatives had not escaped, had plunged in anguish beneath the waves, never to rise again.

These two survivors clung to a floating piece of the ship for some hours, but the hands of the nobleman became so benumbed with the coldness of the water that he was forced to let go his hold at last. The poor butcher was rescued the next morning by some fishermen as he floated in his sheep-skin coat, the only one of all that gay company left to tell the story of the shipwreck.

Next day the news reached England, but the king heard it not. For three days no one could be got to tell him the sad tidings. At last a little boy was sent into his presence; kneeling at the king's feet, he related the story of the *White Ship*. So great was the grief of King Henry, that it is said he fainted away and fell to the ground as if dead. He carried his great sorrow to his grave: it is said that for the rest of his life—fifteen years—he was never seen to smile again.

Mrs. Hemans has written the following beautiful lines upon this event:—

The bark that held the prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrels sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring:

A murmur of the restless deep
  Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep;—
  He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
  Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
  At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
  Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years;—
  He never smiled again!

———o———

LESSON 6.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

IV. ROBIN HOOD.

as-cer-tained, known
bal-lad, song
feat, skilful act
gal-lant, polite, courteous
Kirk-lees, a village near Huddersfield
nar-ra-tives, stories, accounts
pre-ci-sion, accuracy
tithe, a tenth
un-err-ing, not failing
ven-i-son, flesh of deer

ab-bots	**de-scent**	**ex-act-ness**	**fic-tion**
cel-e-bra-ted	**dis-guise**	**fa-vour-ites**	**ro-mance**

There are few characters in English history that are greater favourites among schoolboys than Robin Hood. Unfortunately, his name is so much mixed up with fiction and romance that we cannot believe one tithe of the stories we hear about him. The very time and place of his birth

cannot be ascertained with exactness; some people have gone so far as to affirm that no such person ever lived. Stripped of all romance, his history, in brief, is something like the following.

Robin Hood was born about the year 1160, at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, and therefore passed his manhood in the reign of Richard I. The older narratives we have of him say that he was only a Saxon peasant, whilst the more recent ones claim for him a descent from the Earl of Huntingdon. One thing is certain, and in this they are all agreed, that for some reason or other he spent most of his life in Sherwood Forest, surrounded by a band of brave but lawless men, who became a terror to all the rich lords and abbots of the country, especially if they were of Norman birth.

Wonderful stories are told of his skill in archery, and his use of the quarter-staff. He could shoot an arrow to the distance of a mile, and with unerring precision split a willow wand at a distance of 200 yards. He admitted into his chosen band only such as were almost as well skilled in these things as himself. Perhaps his three principal companions were men known as Little John, Will Scarlet, and Friar Tuck.

It is said that Robin never robbed the poor, nor, if he knew it, his own countrymen. He was gallant to ladies, never suffering any violence to women, and often relieving widows by presents of money and venison. At this period it was a crime thought worthy of death to kill the king's deer; yet Robin Hood and his merry men (as they were called) lived on the choicest of the king's forest, without being caught by the

keepers. It is even said that King Richard himself, who dearly loved adventure of any kind, paid the celebrated outlaw a visit in disguise, and joined in the sports and good cheer provided.

Sometimes Robin would visit the fairs in other parts of the country, dressed in various disguises. When he had obtained all he wanted, he would make himself known by some astonishing feat of archery. The cry would soon be raised, 'Robin Hood!' and some would attempt to seize him, to obtain the price that was offered for his capture; but he always managed to get away and join his faithful band, generally not far away.

His death is supposed to have taken place at Kirkby or Kirklees, in 1247, when he had reached the age of eighty-seven. The common story is that he sought shelter in a convent, and was there bled to death by a nun. An old ballad says that his trusty friend, Little John, came just in time to see him breathe his last. Asking for a little help, he raised himself to the window, and, with his remaining strength, shot an arrow through, making a last request that he might be buried in the spot where the arrow should fall. The old ballad makes him say,—

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

LESSON 7.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

V. THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

as-sured, made certain
cav-al-ry, horse soldiers
con-fi-dence, boldness
loy-al-ly, faithfully to the king
mot-to, short sentence
pur-sue, follow
troops, soldiers
un-horsed, thrown from his horse

ac-quit-ted	**em-braced**	**neigh-bour-ing**	**snow-flakes**
bow-strings	**en-gage-ment**	**per-se-ver-ance**	**val-i-ant-ly**

The name is sometimes spelt Creci or Crecy, as well as Cressy, and is taken from a French village of that name. The battle was fought on the 26th of August 1346. Edward III. commanded his own troops, but gave the post of greatest honour and danger to his son the Black Prince. The king took charge of the reserves, and watched the fight from a neighbouring windmill. The prince, at that time a lad of fifteen years, had command of the first line of English troops.

The French commenced the attack, but a shower of rain had so wet their bowstrings that their arrows did but little harm. The English bowmen drew their bows from cases which had kept them dry and tight; as the sun began to shine, they shot their arrows so quickly that they fell like snowflakes.

This threw the French into disorder, and the prince bravely charged them. Just then the French cavalry wheeled round and surrounded

him. He fought valiantly, but the French were three times as many as the English. His principal officers became alarmed for his own safety, and sent to the king for help. 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or badly wounded?' asked the king. 'No, thank God; but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help,' said Sir Thomas Norwich, the knight who had been sent to the king. 'Then, Sir Thomas,' said Edward, 'go back to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send to me again this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honour of the day shall be given to him, and to those in whose care I have entrusted him.'

This answer gave the young prince confidence, and put new fire into the courage of his men. The French were charged once more, and this time driven from the field.

Twelve hundred knights and 30,000 soldiers perished in the battle. The French fled in disorder, but the English did not pursue them. When the victory was well assured, King Edward came down from his post, embraced the Black Prince, and said: 'Sweet son, God gave you good perseverance; you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day; you are worthy to be a sovereign.'

Thus did 40,000 English soldiers put to flight more than 100,000 French. The Black Prince, whose courage and heroism gained the victory, showed no pride or vainglory, but gave the honour to the king.

Two kings fell in the French army, those of Bohemia and Majorca. The crest of the former, who was blind, was composed of three ostrich feathers, with the motto *Ich Dien* (I serve). The Black Prince adopted the crest and motto in memory of his victory; and to this day the eldest son of the sovereign of England uses the same crest of the three ostrich feathers, and the same motto, 'I serve.'

—o—

LESSON 8.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

ad-age, proverb, old saying	**des-pond**, lose hope
cyn-ic-al, surly	**en-cum-bered**, loaded
daunt-ed, checked by fear	**suf-fice**, be enough

con-quered	**dis-perse**	**jest**	**sor-row-ful**
des-pair	**goal**	**per-se-vere**	**trai-tors**

There's an adage that no one should ever forget,
As he travels through life's rugged road,
And, encumbered with care, looks around him in vain
For a hand to help on with his load.
Let him never despond, let him never despair,
Nor aside from the path ever stray;
Let him buckle his armour, and gird up his strength,
Singing, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

If the world should look on with a cynical sneer,
And the best of his efforts despise,
If a scoff or a jest from a friend that he loves
Wring a tear from his sorrowful eyes,

Let him never be daunted, but still persevere,
And his strength shall suffice for his day,
So that, cheered and refreshed, he may still struggle on,
Singing, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

There are foes to be conquer'd, and fields to be won,
There are traitors without and within,
And the toil may be hard, and the battle be long,
But the one who endureth shall win ;
For the goal is at hand, and the clouds shall disperse
When he least looketh out for the day,
So that, looking and hoping, still let him pass on,
Singing, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

By permission of Messrs. Stevens.

—o—

LESSON 9.

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

ar-bour, bower
ar-ro-gance, conceit, pride
es-tate, property
guile, craft, cunning
knave, rascal
lout, lazy fellow
syc-a-more, name of a tree
troop, number, lot

com-plaints **con-science** **de-ceit** **e-mo-tion** **fawn-ing** **guin-ea** **pre-tence** **whine**

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown ;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown.

I can sit at my own door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So in the cool retreat
Of my arbour take a seat,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the chant of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown.

I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather beg than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song
That awakes emotion strong,
And a word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown.

But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvexed, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and be glad, John Brown.

DR. MACKAY.

LESSON 10.

A STORY OF TWO PICTURES.

ac-quit-ted, set free
at-ti-tude, position
car-eer, course
de-bauched, drunken, corrupted
de-praved, bad
for-feit-ed, lost
stud-i-o, artist's workshop
vil-lan-y, wickedness

beau-ti-ful	**con-demned**	**fam-ous**	**por-traits**
bru-tal	**count-en-ance**	**in-no-cence**	**skil-ful**

Many years ago there lived a famous painter whose pictures were much admired by all who saw them. He was able to paint portraits so life-like that they seemed as if they only needed the power of movement to be real human beings. One day he thought he would paint for himself, to hang in his own studio, a picture of *Innocence*. He looked about for something that should exactly represent his idea of innocence. He thought of a lamb, then of a quiet scene in the country, then of a man acquitted by the judge after a trial; but none of these seemed to suit him.

At last he bethought himself of a neighbour's beautiful child, about five years of age. He drew little Rupert, kneeling by the side of his mother in the attitude of evening prayer. His little hands folded reverently together, his calm, peaceful countenance, his rosy cheeks, and his graceful form, made a beautiful picture. The painter spent a great deal of time and attention upon it, so that, when the picture was finished, it was admired and praised by all his friends. He hung it up in his studio, and called it the picture of *Innocence*.

Many years passed away, bringing changes to everything. The painter had become an old man, but still skilful in his art. The picture still hung on the walls of his favourite room, reminding him of the happy little child he had formerly known, but of whom he had not heard for many years. It had often been suggested to him that he should paint a companion picture, and call it *Guilt*. This he had intended to do, but could not fix upon anything that could properly express his idea of the subject.

One day a friend suggested that the neighbouring prison would perhaps afford him a fit subject for his picture. He took the hint, and paid a visit to the condemned cell. On the floor, heavily chained, lay a miserable wretch, who had finished a career of wickedness and villany by committing a brutal murder. The painter was horror-struck at the appearance of the man; every line of the countenance was an expression of guilt. His body was wasted by excess; vice was stamped upon his brow. His oaths and curses were frightful to hear. Truly here was scope for his pencil. The artist was permitted to visit his cell as long as the wretched man lived; he took pains to make his picture as perfect as possible. When it was finished, he took it home and placed it beside the other picture. And there they hung for many years, the two pictures, *Innocence* and *Guilt*.

But now comes the strange and awful part of the story. These two pictures were portraits of the *same person*. The artist found out that the raving, debauched murderer was no other than his little friend Rupert. Wicked companions had led him into the paths of sin; from bad he

had gone to worse, until he had forfeited his life by the law of the land.

The artist could never afterwards look upon his two pictures without feelings of the deepest sorrow. He had not thought it possible before that a child, so innocent and pure, could by an evil course become such a depraved and guilty man.

——o——

LESSON II.

THE IRON HORSE.

cur-rent, course	**lo-co-mo-tive,** moving from place to place
en-gin-eer, engine-builder	**me-chan-ics,** workmen
in-ge-ni-ous, clever	

bel-lows **cen-tur-y** **con-sti-tu-tions** **in-ven-tion**
ben-e-fits **clum-sy** **grav-el** **mis-chief**

Can any human invention be more wonderful than the modern railway engine? At the beginning of this century such a thing was unknown, so that the whole history of its progress is within the last seventy years.

The first locomotive engines were made to run in the streets and on public roads. They were very clumsy and imperfect. A great many funny stories are told about them. A Frenchman built an engine for dragging heavy guns into battle; but when he tried it in Paris, it ran away, knocked a wall down, and did so much mischief that they locked it up and never used it again.

At Redruth, in Cornwall, an engineer made a small locomotive that ran on the highway. One night it ran away from him, and went

puffing through the dark lanes, frightening the country people out of their wits. He ran after it a long time, trying to catch it. At length he met a stranger, and asked him if he had seen the engine. The man said he had met a hissing, snorting, fiery little monster, and being afraid it was an evil spirit, he had hid himself until it passed.

Another ingenious inventor made a steam-horse, which was to go without wheels, and to walk on its legs. The body of the horse was a boiler, and its limbs just like the legs of a horse. The day of trial came; the driver got up his steam, but unfortunately the boiler burst. Several people were killed, and many wounded; so the steam-horse was a failure.

At the coal-pits in the north of England tram-ways had been in use for some time. It was found that a heavy load was much easier to move when on rails than when on a rough, uneven road. Inventors, therefore, began to build engines for running on rails, which was an important step towards success. But as these tram rails were of wood or light iron, they often broke beneath the weight of the locomotives.

It was thought that an engine with smooth wheels would not work on smooth rails; so wheels and rails with iron teeth were tried, but the rails filled with sand and gravel, and the engines ran into the ditch. After many failures, a strong smooth rail and heavy engines were tried, and the weight of the engine was found to prevent the wheels from slipping. The large driving wheels were also linked together to give more driving power.

That was one great difficulty overcome. The

next step was the plan of turning the steam into the chimney after it had been used, and making what is called a steam-blast. As the steam rushed out of the chimney, a current of air increased the heat of the fire, and kept up steam. Before this time bellows had been used to blow the engine fire, and keep up a constant heat.

Thus, in spite of clumsy workmen, ignorant mechanics, and bad tools, the iron horse grew in skill and speed. The splendid railway locomotive of the present day is the outgrowth of all these inventions and improvements. People who jeered and laughed at the rude construction of the first engines, were glad enough to avail themselves of the benefits of the modern railway train.

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LESSON 12.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

be-night-ed, overtaken by night
cir-cuits, journeys, rounds
clam-or-ous, noisy, loud
copse, wood
gleam, light
gob-lin, evil spirit
gris-ly, frightful
ma-tron, mother
un-ad-vised, not knowing

an-cient	**hov-er-ing**	**quak-ing**	**spa-cious**
fo-li-age	**pierced**	**res-o-lu-tion**	**sprite**

The lawns were dry in Euston Park
(Here truth inspires my tale);
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made

To gain the vale of Fakenham,
  And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
  But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
  That whisper'd on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
  Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
  And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
  That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
  And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
  Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now a short quick step she hears
  Come patting close behind.

She turn'd; it stopp'd;—nought could she see
  Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
  She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame;
  For when the path was bare
The trotting ghost kept on the same!
  She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
  She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night
  A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
  It followed down the plain !
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
  And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
  The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
  That *ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
  Her heart-strings like to crack ;
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
  Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
  As it had done before :
Her strength and resolution spent,
  She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
  Out came her daughter dear,
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
  Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night
  Some short space o'er the green,
And there the little trotting sprite
  Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's* foal had lost its dam
  Within the spacious park,
And, simple as the playful lamb,
  Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he, no imp of sin,
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

BLOOMFIELD.

LESSON 13.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

I. FAITHFUL DOGS.

ang-uish, trouble, grief
de-pos-it-ed, placed
dis-mount-ed, got off his horse
fe-roc-i-ty, savage cruelty
huge, large
in-so-lence, rudeness
re-cov-er-ing, getting back
sa-gac-i-ty, wisdom
trib-ute, payment

an-ec-dotes **at-tached** **neigh-bour-ing** **vi-o-lent**
as-soc-i-at-ed **in-scribed** **par-a-graph** **vir-tues**

No animal is more closely associated with man than the dog. By faithfulness and sagacity the dog has won a place in the affections of man that no other animal can lay claim to. The following anecdotes will serve to interest young people in this noble animal.

A gentleman, accompanied by his dog was returning from a neighbouring town with a bag

of money which had been paid to him. He rested himself for a while on the road, laying the bag on a stone by his side. When he resumed his journey he forgot to take up his money. The dog tried to take up the bag, but finding it too



heavy, ran after his master, and by barking and jumping tried to tell him of his error. It became so violent at last that the gentleman thought his dog had gone mad, and, pulling out a pistol, shot it, when just at that moment he remembered his money. Putting his hand to

his pocket he found the money was not there. Immediately he hurried back along the road to see where he had dropped it. Not finding it, he bethought himself of the place where he had rested, upon reaching which he found the bag lying, and his poor bleeding dog by the side of it. The faithful creature showed his pleasure by wagging his tail and licking his master's hand; but that effort was its last, in another second it turned over and died; the shot had proved fatal. The joy of the gentleman in recovering his gold was lost in the anguish of mind he experienced at the sight of his dumb companion. The poor animal, after being shot, had crawled back to the bag, and kept watch over it with its last breath.

Our next story has a more laughable side. A gentleman who had a valuable dog, which he had trained to strict obedience, wished to astonish a friend with whom he was riding one day by the dog's cleverness. Showing the dog a shilling on which he put a certain mark, he placed it under a large stone. They then rode on about two miles, after which he told the dog to go back and fetch the shilling. 'Now, mark my words,' said he to his friend, 'the dog will not return without that shilling. I don't know how he will manage to get it, but by hook or by crook he will have it.' And sure enough the dog brought it back, but in a remarkable fashion. The whole of the day passed without his return, but about four o'clock the next morning he returned with a pair of trousers in his mouth; in one of the pockets was the shilling. Where they had come from, or whose they were, nobody in the house knew. A

paragraph in the newspaper led to the discovery of the owner, and also to the rest of the story, which was as follows. A farmer riding home noticed the dog trying to move the stone; he dismounted, removed the stone, saw the shilling, and put it into his pocket, not dreaming that



the dog wanted it. Unknown to him, the aog followed him home, a distance of twenty miles, got into the house, and hid himself. When the farmer went to bed, the dog hid behind some curtains in his room, and as soon as the man was asleep, seized his trousers, jumped with

them through a window, and made his way home with them.

A nobleman had a beautiful dog, Nero, which was very much attached to an infant child of the family. One day the nobleman was out hunting, the nurse in charge of his baby boy went out to enjoy herself, leaving the child locked up in a room in charge of the faithful dog. Returning sooner than expected, the nobleman heard his dog howling and moaning in a room which he could not open. Just as he burst open the door the noise of the dog ceased. Looking in he saw his child laughing in his cradle, but the dog was lying stretched in death. Close by its side lay a huge serpent, which had made its way through an open window. It was dead too; the dog had seized it before it reached the child, and the struggle between the two had ended in the death of both.

The last anecdote is about Lord Byron's dog. Lord Byron, the poet, was very fond of boating and swimming. His constant companion was a fine Newfoundland dog, called Boatswain. These two became true friends for life. Often when the poet was sailing on the lake at Newstead Abbey he would tumble out of the boat into the water, and pretend to be drowning. Sometimes when swimming he would scream for help, and make the dog believe he was sinking. Boatswain always plunged into the water directly, seized his master by the neck, held his head above the water, and then swam to shore. To the great grief of Lord Byron, this dog died of madness. During its illness the poet wiped away the poison from its lips with his own hand, and nursed it to the end.

He buried it in his garden, and told his friends that they were to bury him in the same grave when he died. Over the dog's grave Byron placed these lines: 'Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty



without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of a man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain—*a dog*.'

LESSON 14.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

II. THE ARABIAN HORSE.

af-fec-tion, love
chide, scold
con-sul, person who represents his sovereign
in-ci-dent, occurrence
mu-tu-al, each acting in return
re-cog-nised, knew again
scour, pass over swiftly
skir-mish, fight
sole, only, whole
van-ished, disappeared
yearn, desire, long for

at-tach-ment	**fe-vered**	**in-dig-nant**	**se-cure-ly**
bar-gained	**im-pa-tient**	**o-be-di-ent**	**teth-ered**

Perhaps the finest race of horses in the world is to be found in Arabia. For beauty and speed, for fidelity and sagacity, we think no animal is equal to the horse of the Arab. The Arab is very fond of his faithful creature. The coarse bit and the cruel whip are not needed by him. The horse is allowed to feed about his master's tent unbridled and free. The children play with it without any fear of being hurt. It knows the sound of its master's voice, and is always obedient to his call. Sometimes the whole wealth of the Arab is in his horse, and affecting stories are told of their mutual attachment. We will now relate two of these stories.

The chief of an Arab tribe was taken prisoner in a skirmish with some Turkish troops. Being shot in the arm, he was placed upon a camel, while a soldier mounted the Arab's horse. At night, when the party camped, he was securely fastened by a leathern strap and thrust outside one of the tents. Not far off his horse was

tethered to a tree. Determined to free his favourite animal if possible, he managed to roll over and crawl to the tree. Here he bit through the cord which held his horse, and, after the custom of his nation, spoke to it thus: 'Go, thou art free, though I am a slave. Return to thine own tent, which thou knowest well. Tell my wife that I shall see her no more; lick the hands of my little ones, on whom my eyes shall never look again.' The horse recognised the voice of its master; but instead of going when it was free, it seized him in its teeth by the strap with which he was bound. Lifting him in this way, the horse bore him away from the camp, and slackened not the pace until it reached home, and dropped his master gently at his own tent door.

The next story will show that the Arab has an affection for his horse which gold cannot buy. The French consul at Alexandria was very anxious to send a splendid specimen of the Arabian horses to his sovereign, King Louis XIV. For this purpose he bargained with a poor Arab, whose sole riches consisted in the possession of a magnificent steed. When the purchase was to be concluded, the Arab dismounted from his horse, and took the bag of gold in his hand. Looking now at the gold, and then at his horse, as though undecided what to do, he addressed the animal thus: 'Who is it that would buy thee? To whom shall I give thee up? Will not the stranger beat thee, and tie thee up? No, no; I will not sell thee, my beauty, my jewel!' Then, throwing down the gold, he sprung on to the back of his horse, and was quickly out of sight.

It was concerning this incident that the following beautiful lines were written by the Hon. Mrs. Norton :—

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again;—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his gold;
Fleet-limbed and beautiful! farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! Those free, untirèd limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright,
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;

And when I raise my dreaming arms to check
or cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold,
my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel
hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along
thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy
indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count
each starting vein!

Will they ill-use thee?—If I thought—but no,
it cannot be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet
so free;
And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, this lonely
heart should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now com-
mand thee to return?

'Return!'—Alas! my Arab steed! what will thy
master do
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished
from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and
through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false
mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied
foot alone,
Where with fleet steps and joyous bound thou
oft has borne me on;

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause
and sadly think,
'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last
I saw him drink.

When *last* I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered
dream is o'er!
I could not live a day and know that we should
meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's
power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved
too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said
that thou wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them
back their gold!
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the
distant plains!
Away! Who overtakes us now may claim thee
for his pains.

HON. MRS. NORTON.



LESSON 15.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

III. THE WOLF.

a-drift, loose
am-mu-ni-tion, powder and balls
ex-haust-ed, done
glare, fierce look
in-cap-a-ble, unable
in-duced, led
is-su-ing, coming out
re-cord-ed, told, written down
re-strained, kept back
sac-ri-ficed, laid down, given up
tes-ti-fied, made known

af-fec-tion-ate **car-ess-es** **op-po-site** **ra-ven-ous**
ap-proach-ing **her-o-ism** **qual-i-ties** **sep-ar-at-ed**

There is so much that is cruel and cowardly about this animal, that it has been considered a common enemy by all mankind. In appearance something like the dog, it has none of the good qualities of that noble and affectionate animal. Nearly every attempt to tame it has failed. There is one exception, however, recorded in Paris, which is worth naming.

A gentleman in that city had a young wolf brought up just like a dog. As he grew he became much attached to his master, and would follow him about. His master, having to travel, left him in charge of a friend. The wolf immediately fell into a quiet, fretful temper, and would scarcely eat any food. Upon the return of his master the wolf recognised his voice, and testified his joy much as a pet dog would have done.

Business called the gentleman away again, this time to be absent from home nearly three

years. The wolf, on again being left, showed the same signs of grief as before. It became so thin and wretched-looking that they thought it would die. One night the owner came back unexpectedly. The first sounds of his voice were heard in another room by the wolf, who could scarcely be restrained in his expressions of joy. He covered his master with caresses, and could not be induced to leave his side the whole night through.

Where there is one instance like the above, there are a thousand in the opposite direction, which show the animal to be fierce and bloodthirsty, and incapable of affection.

A Russian nobleman was travelling homeward with his family through a dreary forest. When within a few miles from his castle, the quick ears of his coachman caught the sound of approaching wolves. The count and himself being well armed, he was not much alarmed at first. Soon the leaders of the wolves were abreast of the carriage; their fierce howls and fiery eyeballs frightened the children greatly. A shot from the count's pistol, and another from the coachman's, laid two of the brutes low.

This for a time kept back the rest of the pack, and the carriage was driven furiously on. Presently they were overtaken by the wolves again; this time in larger numbers than before. Two more shots killed two more wolves, and the horses were lashed onwards towards the count's castle.

Again the wolves overtook the carriage, and again did the blood of two of them stain the snow. This was repeated several times, when, to the horror of the count, it was discovered that

the ammunition was entirely exhausted. To beat off the wolves with the whip or the butt-end of the pistols was impossible.

They were now only about a mile from home; they could even see the lights burning in the castle. Onward sped the wheels, but onward came the ravenous wolves after they had devoured their fallen comrades. This time the coachman cut the traces of the leading horse (there were three horses), and sent him adrift. For a time the poor creature kicked and struggled against the fierce beasts that fastened to him on all sides. But they were too many for him, and they had soon torn him to pieces.

This enabled the carriage to push on until only a few hundred yards separated them from the castle. All the party shouted with all their might, in the hope that they might be heard, and help come. This brought the wolves upon them, more fierce and savage than ever. The coachman then said: 'Sire, one life must be sacrificed to save the rest. If I let another horse go, the carriage will stop, and we shall all perish. I am therefore resolved to throw myself among these fierce creatures. For a little time I can keep them at bay, and when I am overcome and being devoured, you may, perchance, by God's help, reach your own dwelling. You have been a kind master to me, and now my life is at the service of you and your little ones.'

The brave fellow was just going to throw himself among the wolves when lights were seen issuing from the castle. The count restrained his faithful servant from his intended self-sacrifice, for relief was now at hand. A whole band of attendants in a few moments surrounded

the carriage; the glare of the lighted torches and a few shots scared the wolves completely away. The inmates of the castle had heard the shouts, and had come out in strong force to see what was the matter.

The nobleman did not forget the heroism of his coachman. He gave him a position of trust and importance on his estate, and showed him much favour. The man served his master as faithfully in his new position as he had done before, and died at an advanced age, respected and beloved by all the family; by none more so than the children (now grown-up men and women), whose lives he valued more than his own.

As we read this story we think of the wild ride of *Mazeppa*, as described by Lord Byron:—

'We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire.

'Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling steps repeat.'

LESSON 16.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

IV. THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

com-mem-o-ra-tion, memory
cor-di-al, liquor to revive
dis-as-ter, misfortune
des-patched, sent off
hos-pit-a-ble, generous, kind
prec-i-pic-es, steep places
sum-mit, top
sus-pend-ed, hung

Eu-rope	**prob-a-ble**	**stu-por**	**trav-el-ler**
mas-tiff	**re-vived**	**Switz-er-land**	**tre-mend-ous**



DOGS have been trained to be of great service to man, but none have been more useful than the dogs of St. Bernard. Great St. Bernard is the name of one of the Alpine mountains, near the summit of which stands a convent, perhaps the highest habitation in any part of Europe. It is situated near a famous, but most dangerous pass, leading from Switzerland to Italy. This convent is inhabited by monks, who keep a fine breed of dogs, something like English mastiffs.

The dogs are trained to go in search of travellers who may have lost their way in the snow, which is not an unusual thing during the terrible storms which come on in those mountain regions. The monks are exceedingly hospitable, and although not rich, open their doors to any stranger who may want food and shelter. Sometimes upwards of a thousand persons, during a single season, will call at the convent and partake of the kindness of the good monks.

Numbers of lives have been saved by both men and dogs; one of these animals having saved at least twenty-two lives, in commemoration of which he wore a medal round his neck.

The monks generally tie a flask of cordial round the dog's neck, and strap a cloak around its body, and then send it out in search of travellers. By their keen scent they can tell if anybody is buried in the snow. When this is the case, the dog will scrape away the snow with his feet, and then bark until assistance from the convent arrives. If the traveller recovers sensibility, he finds the cordial at hand to drink and the warm cloak to cover himself. When the traveller remains in a stupor from the effects of the cold, the animal will lick his face and hands, and try to drag him about to awaken him.

One of the most celebrated of these dogs was one called Barry. For twelve years he lived in the convent, and was the means of saving nearly forty lives. If a snowstorm came on, he would start off, without being told, in search of lost travellers. When he found one whom he could not drag along by his tremendous strength, he would return to the convent and guide one of

the monks to the place. In this way he did good service for several years.

A party of English travellers crossing the Alps was overtaken by a storm, which was so violent as to sweep a man-servant and a little boy down one of those precipices which abound on the mountain sides. The rest of the party with difficulty managed to reach the convent. As soon as the monks heard the story of the disaster, and the probable loss of servant and child, they at once despatched Barry in search. The dog succeeded in finding them both, attracted, as he was, by the cries of the poor child. Fortunately, neither of them was much hurt, but almost buried in snow and frozen with cold. The brandy carried by the dog soon revived the man, who put the little boy on the dog's back. Barry carried the child safely to the convent, to the great joy of his parents. Means were then taken to rescue the servant.

At the town of Berne you may see brave Barry stuffed in the museum. Round his neck is suspended the little bottle in which he carried the cordial, and which had revived many a perishing traveller on the Alps.

LESSON 17.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

V. THE ELEPHANT.

ac-cord, wish, consent
be-wil-der-ment, fright, confusion
brand-ed, marked
brief-ly, shortly
Del-hi, a town in India
dis-may, terror
fran-tic, mad, wild
herd, company
men-ag-er-ie, collection of wild beasts
oc-cur-rence, event

aud-i-ence **bis-cuits** **com-pen-sa-tion** **con-demned** **del-uged** **mis-chief** **shiv-ered** **tor-ment-ors**

The stories told about this animal would fill a very large book. We shall briefly relate five of them.

I.

Some years ago, in India, an elephant, which had been tamed and used for carrying timber about, broke away from its keeper, and fled into the forest. The poor man tried to follow in vain; it was soon out of sight. When the owner of the beast heard the story, he would not believe it, but said the man had sold the elephant and wished to keep the money. The man was tried and condemned for the theft. He was sentenced to a very heavy punishment, and branded as a thief.

About ten years afterwards he was taking part in an elephant hunt. When the herd approached he thought he recognised the form of his old charge. Calling to it as he had done in former days, the elephant separated itself

from the rest, came and knelt down by the man's side, permitted him to mount its neck and to be driven home.

The man's character was at once cleared, and a compensation was given to him for the punishment he had wrongfully endured.

II.

In a town of the United States an elephant had formed a strong attachment to a little dog. The shed in which they were kept would often be surrounded by people watching these two friends. One day a few young men, bent on mischief, took hold of the dog and pinched its ears, to see what effect its crying would have on its huge companion.

The elephant showed signs of distress, which seemed to amuse the young men highly. They made the dog bark much louder after that. The elephant then became so enraged that it shivered one of the sides of its shed by a blow from its trunk, and made an attempt to follow the tormentors of its little friend.

Long before it could get through the opening, however, the young men had fled in dismay, while the little dog ran to the side of its brave defender. The elephant then became quiet, and suffered some workmen to repair the broken shed.

III.

In one of the Indian market-places, a poor woman who kept a fruit-stall had been in the habit of giving an elephant some odd pieces of vegetables or fruits as it passed by on certain days. This was done so regularly that the

animal would stop of its own accord at the stall, and wait until it was served.

From some cause or other, this elephant was seized with a kind of madness, and rushed about the market in a frantic manner. Stalls were overturned, and the people fled in all directions. Among the rest, the woman we have mentioned ran into a neighbouring building for safety. In her bewilderment she forgot her little child, who was lying near the stall.

As the elephant approached this stall it suddenly stopped, lifted the child gently with its trunk, and placed it on the seat which the woman had occupied.

IV.

If elephants remember kindnesses received, they do not forget injuries inflicted, as the following story will show.

About the year 1851, a travelling menagerie visited a town in the south of Lancashire. One of the elephants, as the show passed along the streets, put out its trunk to receive apples and biscuits which were given by the crowd of lookers-on. A man in the crowd offered the animal an orange, but when it was about to take it, he struck the extended trunk savagely with his stick. The elephant withdrew his trunk at once, and uttered a dreadful roar, but passed on with the rest of the show.

Ten years after this occurrence the menagerie visited the same town. In one of the performances the elephant was noticed to stop suddenly, and look intently at one part of the audience. Presently it moved towards that part, raised its trunk, and brought it down upon the head of a

man with great force, rendering him almost insensible. It was found to be the man who had struck it ten years before.

V.

The next story is similar to the last. In Delhi, an elephant was accustomed to put in his trunk at a tailor's window as he passed the shop each day. Sometimes the tailor would give him a little water or bread, and sometimes nothing at all; the animal would, however, rest his trunk on the work-board for a few seconds, and then withdraw it.

On one occasion the tailor was out of temper, for some reason or other, so when the elephant put in his trunk as usual, the man pricked it with his needle. It was withdrawn like a shot, to the great amusement of the tailor. But the laugh was not all on one side. The elephant on his return journey went to a dirty ditch, filled his trunk with the filthy contents, and, when he reached the shop, deluged the tailor and all his work.

LESSON 18.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

VI. THE TIGER.

a-gil-i-ty, activity	**lair,** den
di-ver-sion, amusement	**Ra-jah,** Indian prince
en-dowed, gifted	**scud-ding,** running
for-mid-a-ble, dreadful, serious	**spec-ta-tor,** witness, observer
hou-dah, seat or box	**ven-o-mous,** poisonous

ap-proach-es **bar-relled** **con-cealed** **pe-cu-li-ar**
an-noy-ance **car-cass** **en-coun-ter** **stealth**

Scarcely anywhere out of Asia is the tiger found. Endowed with nearly the strength of the lion and the agility of the cat, it is a very formidable foe to encounter. Its home is generally among the high grass of the Indian jungles, or among the tall, rank vegetation of the river banks. Naturally crafty and bloodthirsty, it becomes a great terror to the villages near its haunts. It approaches its victim by stealth, and with one enormous spring bears it to the ground. Sheep and goats it will carry off bodily, and devour in its lair; larger animals it will kill, and then merely suck their blood, leaving the carcass for some other time.

It has been found almost useless to hunt the tiger with horses alone. The horse cannot bear the glare of its eye; besides which, the tiger's claws will go through the skin of the horse and tear the flesh from its bones. Elephants are in consequence used for tiger-hunting. It is a very dangerous sport, and frequently attended with loss of life.

In the island of Java it used to be a custom to have fights between a tiger and a buffalo. They were generally brought in large cages to the place of entertainment, which was a large open space, railed off, and surrounded by men with long pikes, ready to thrust the beasts through if they attempted to get away. Before the buffalo was released, its back was rubbed with the leaves of a native plant which caused intense pain. The cage of the tiger was then opened, and lighted torches thrown in to make the creature come out. The battle was then continued between the two animals until one was killed.



Dr. Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, who died in 1826, gives the following account of a tiger hunt:

'At Kulleanpoor, the young Rajah mentioned, in the course of conversation, that there was a tiger in the adjoining plantation, which had done a great deal of mischief; that he should have gone after it himself had he not been ill, and had he not thought it would be a fine diversion for Mr. Boulderson, the collector of the district, and me. I told him I was no sportsman, but Mr. Boulderson's eyes sparkled at the name of tiger, and he expressed great anxiety to beat up his quarters in the afternoon. Under such circumstances, I did not like to deprive him of his sport, and therefore went, though with no intention of being more than a spectator. Mr. Boulderson, however, advised me to load my pistols for the sake of defence, and lent me a very fine double-barrelled gun for the same purpose.

'We set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant behind each houdah. The Rajah, in spite of his illness, had made up his mind to come too. A large number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from the camp and neighbouring villages. The Rajah was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than a Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. He sat in a low houdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. We rode about two miles across a plain covered with long, jungly grass; quails and wild fowl arose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions.

'At last the elephants all drew up their trunks into the air, and began to roar and stamp violently with their fore feet. The Rajah's little elephant turned round, and, in spite of all her-

mahout (driver) could say or do, took up her post, to the Rajah's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three went on slowly, but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. "We are close upon him," said Mr. Boulderson; "fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you." Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. "There, there!" cried the *mahout;* "I saw his head." A short roar, or rather growl, followed, and I saw, immediately before my elephant's head, the motion of some large animal stealing through the grass. I fired as directed, and a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, the second barrel. Another short growl followed; the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said: "I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate, we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him." In fact, at that moment the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm; and, in short, we had seen all we had to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain.

'I asked Mr. Boulderson, on our return, whether tiger-hunting was generally of this kind. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same, inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded, and was roused to revenge, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible.

It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added, that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble; but if they are missed, or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence; and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them to the ground, riders and all.

'When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet; and then, woe be to him! The elephant either kneels on him, and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick, which breaks half his ribs, and sends him flying, perhaps, twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn; and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls from pain, or from the hope of rolling on his enemy, and the people on his back are then in considerable danger, both from friends and foes; for Mr. Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat

is said to be. But this does not often happen; and, in general, persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recover easily enough.'

—o—

LESSON 19.

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

ab-bot, chief person in an abbey	**mar-in-ers,** sailors
break-ers, dashing waves	**per-il-ous,** dangerous
haze, mist, fog	**scoured,** sailed quickly over
keel, bottom part of a vessel	**surg-es,** large waves

bus-y	**gurg-ling**	**o-cean**	**wheeled**
ex-cess	**joy-ance**	**plague**	**whist-led**

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without a sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were shining on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was a joyance in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked the deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock.'

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell.'

They hear no sound—the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
Cried they, 'It is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
And the ship sinks down beneath the tide.

SOUTHEY.

LESSON 20.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ac-quit-ted, set free
de-lay, put off
de-prived, robbed
des-patched, sent off
doc-u-ment, paper
guil-lo-tine, a machine for beheading; named after its inventor, a French doctor
im-pressed, fixed
re-lease, liberty, freedom
tri-bu-nal, court of justice

ap-peal	**de-sir-a-ble**	**ex-pe-ri-ence**	**sen-si-bil-i-ty**
a-sy-lum	**es-tab-lish**	**pros-per-i-ty**	**sig-nal**
au-thor-i-ty	**ex-e-cu-tion**	**scaf-fold**	**sus-pi-cion**

In those terrible days of the French Revolution, the people in power had a short and easy method of reckoning with their enemies. An instrument called the *guillotine*, for cutting off people's heads, was constantly in use. A man would be seized upon suspicion, tried, and guillotined, all within twenty-four hours. Sad stories are told of cruelty and injustice; of men, women, and even children hurried off to execution on the slightest pretence, or to satisfy private revenge.

A gentleman named Laurenson was brought before a tribunal during this period, and accused wrongfully of some act against the Government of that day. He defended himself ably against the charge, and stated that he had possession of papers at home which would clearly prove him innocent. A messenger was despatched for these papers. During his absence the judges, without deciding upon the case, sent Laurenson into a room usually set apart for all who were acquitted by that court.

Thinking his case was done with, and that he would soon be set at liberty, he waited patiently. The papers were brought to him, and he put them carelessly into his pocket, thinking they would be no longer required to establish his innocence.

A few moments afterwards he heard his name called out from the courtyard. Doubting not that this was the signal for his liberty, he hastened out of the room. Judge of his astonishment when he found himself roughly seized by a soldier, and heavily chained along with other men. At the word of command from an officer, the men marched forward. Scarcely knowing whether or not it was a frightful dream, Laurenson marched with the rest, when the thought struck him that he was being led to the guillotine.

The poor man was almost beside himself; the horror of his situation almost deprived him of his senses. Remembering his papers, he pulled them forth, and said to the officer: 'See, these papers have only just come to me; if my judges could see them they would save my life.'

The officer, touched by the man's appeal, sent off a soldier to the judges at once. They examined the papers, pronounced Laurenson innocent, and gave the soldier an order for his release, if he had not been already executed. The soldier flew back to the scaffold as quickly as he could.

It seems that when the officer had reached the place of execution, he explained that it was desirable to delay the execution in the case of Laurenson, for the reason just named. As, however, he had no document to prove his

authority, those in charge of the scaffold would not consent to any delay.

Forty persons that day were to be guillotined; thirty-nine of them had already fallen beneath the stroke of the cruel knife. Laurenson was the fortieth, and he was already bound to the block. In breathless haste a soldier mounted the scaffold, and shouted to the executioner to stop. Showing the order from the judges, he obtained the release of the wretched man.

When Laurenson was unbound it was found that he had fainted away. He was carried to his house, and bled several times before sensibility returned. When he opened his eyes, it was with a wild and terrified look that told his friends that although life had reappeared his reason had fled.

The last objects impressed on his mind were before him night and day. He would start constantly, and say, 'Give me back my head; see, it is there, rolling on the ground!' Poor man! he was removed to an asylum, where he was carefully attended to until his reason returned.

When he got better the dark days of the Revolution had passed away, and unhappy France was once more at rest. He lived for many years afterwards in peace and prosperity, but it was an awful experience to have realized.

LESSON 21.

A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

Bad-a-jos, a town in Spain	**man-sion,** large house
bu-gles, horns for giving signals	**Pen-in-su-lar,** Spain and Portugal
car-nage, great slaughter	**ran-sack,** search every part
cen-tur-y, a hundred years	**re-fresh-ment,** food
de-sert-ed, left alone	**re-past,** meal
dis-fig-ure-ment, spoiling	**spoil,** plunder

bay-o-net	**fort-ress**	**reg-i-ment**	**sca-ling**
com-rades	**pris-on-ers**	**re-treat**	**sov-er-eign**

An old soldier, who had fought under Wellington in the wars between England and France, told me the following story. The old man has been dead several years now, but he had served his country and his sovereign for nearly half a century. When I knew him, he was a hearty old fellow, with no more disfigurement than a wooden leg. He had plenty of good stories to tell, and no one laughed more heartily at them than he himself. Here is one of them, told in his own language:—

Now, look here, boys, I wasn't always as poor as I am now, and I didn't always have this wooden leg either. No; at one time I was as active as any of you, and for a few hours at least I was a rich man too. I will tell you how it happened.

On the 6th of April 1812, I went with my regiment to the storming of Badajos. I crossed the trench safely, and began climbing one of the scaling-ladders. On all sides of me—on my right hand, on my left, before and behind me—

men were shot down. The cannon roared, shot and shell whistled overhead, and men fought and struggled for life and victory. The carnage was frightful, and I felt sure my time had come. The French on the walls were shooting our men by hundreds, and hurling them from the ladders into the ditch below.

I was about half-way up the ladder when our bugles sounded a retreat, and I was compelled to descend without striking a blow. As I scrambled out of the trench, I heard the wildest shouts of joy from our own troops. I learned that while we had been climbing the walls on one side, our comrades had entered the town on the other. The French who had been defending the town were our prisoners, and we were permitted to ransack the place, and take what was left for ourselves.

I went into the town to see what I could find, and in one of the deserted rooms of the fortress I saw a table covered with gold and silver coins. It was a gaming table, and the players in their haste to escape had left their money behind. I took off my hat, and swept the gold pieces into it; the silver I threw away, as there was not room for it.

As I went through the streets with my treasure under my arm, many of my comrades envied me. One bad fellow drew his sword, and said he would cut me down if I did not divide my spoil with him; but I just stepped back a yard or two, and showed him the point of my bayonet; so he left me in peace.

I had not time to count my money, and therefore did not know how much I was worth; but I would gladly have given the largest of the coins

for a little bread and water, for I was faint and hungry with the long marches and hard fighting. At last I met a Spaniard who could speak English, and who offered to guide me to a place where I could obtain refreshments.

He took me to a large deserted mansion, and told me to help myself to the bread, and butter, and cheese, and plenty of Spanish wine. As he had been so kind to me, I asked him to join in the repast, which he did. We sat chatting about the events of the day, whilst I enjoyed the best meal I had eaten for months. I suppose the wine, in my weak, fainting condition, must have had a strong effect upon me; anyhow, I fell into a sleep.

When I awoke, the Spaniard was nowhere to be seen; my hat and my gold were gone. Without the slightest doubt, he had walked off with my money, and, for anything I know, he may be taking care of it to this day. I think he might have left me my hat, for I sorely needed it to keep off the rain and cold.

But I didn't care, boys; the money might have been a great trouble to me. I might have been killed for the sake of the treasure; but here I am to-day, not poor, thanks to my pension, and able to tell you how I found and lost a fortune.

LESSON 22.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

con-vul-sive, violent, agitated
dis-trust-ful, doubting, suspicious
ex-quis-ite, excellent
in-i-tials, first letters
main, sea
quag-mire, bog
shocked, piled in sheaves
sub-sti-tute, to put in place of
un-du-la-ting, wave-like

al-man-acs	**de-prived**	**in-vi-ting-ly**	**sul-len**
breathe	**di-a-mond**	**part-ridge**	**te-di-ous**
clar-i-on	**hid-e-ous**	**stead-fast**	**weap-ons**

Oh, what an hour was that when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.

I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd;
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear nor grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of myname,
ıt forty years before! The same old clock

Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land.

That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seem'd to say,—past friendship to renew,—
'Ah, ah! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'

Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble
bee,
And bomb'd, and bounced, and struggled to be
free;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace
comes never,
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.

But here was peace, that peace which home can
yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.

While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.

Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain.
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost;
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard;
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again;
This is your uncle Charles come home from Spain.'
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

BLOOMFIELD.

LESSON 23.

STORIES OF KINGS.

I. PETER THE GREAT.

as-sum-ing, taking
con-struc-tion, building
dis-cip-lined, trained
ex-pert, clever
fi-del-i-ty, faithfulness
found-ing, building, establishing
pro-fi-cien-cy, advancement, progress
se-duce, led away
suc-ceed-ed, followed
su-per-in-tend, overlook
ter-ri-to-ries, lands, possessions

ac-quaint-ed	**de-ter-mined**	**gov-ern-ment**	**mil-i-tar-y**
ca-pac-i-ty	**do-min-ions**	**main-tain**	**re-side**
civ-il-ised	**for-eign-ers**	**man-u-fac-tures**	**trans-la-ted**

About two hundred years ago Peter the Great lived and reigned in Russia. That country owes more to him, perhaps, than to any other monarch who has sat upon its throne. He was but a boy of ten years of age when, in 1682, he succeeded his brother as emperor or czar. Seven years after this he took the government in his own hands, and set himself in earnest to make Russia one of the foremost countries in Europe.

Before this time Russia had been but half civilised. Its army consisted of half-starved, half-disciplined troops; it may be said to have been without a navy, for its few ships would have been useless in war; it had only one seaport, and that was blocked up with ice for several months in the year; it had no manufactures of its own, and its commerce with other countries was very small; and learning was very little

better than it was in England during the time of Alfred the Great.

His first step on assuming the government of the country was to form an army equal, at least to some extent, to the armies of other European countries. In order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with military art and skill, he himself served in the army, in almost every capacity from a drummer-boy to a general.

When he had got an army in a fair state of proficiency, he turned his attention to the construction of a navy. This was a much more difficult task, as he had no one in his empire to whom he could look for instruction. The Dutch at this time were famous shipbuilders, and so Peter determined he would go in person to Holland, and there learn the art of shipbuilding.

Nine months he spent among the Dutch, working as a common ship-carpenter. During this period he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the building of ships, so that on his return to Russia he was able to superintend the construction of ships for his own country.

He visited England in order to inspect the dockyards and seaports of this country. Before returning to his country he engaged for his own service upwards of 500 engineers and skilled workmen, with the object of opening communication between the rivers Volga and Don and the Caspian Sea by means of canals and locks.

Now Peter's travels had been of much greater value to him than the mere knowledge of shipbuilding. He had noticed the superior condition of the people in other countries, and he learnt some of the causes. When he returned to Russia, therefore, he introduced at once a number of

reforms. First of all, he had the Bible translated into the language of the people; he established manufactures, and opened a channel for commerce; he encouraged skilled foreigners to reside within his empire; above all, he introduced the art of printing more generally.

As his reign progressed he added new territories to his dominions, especially on the shores of the Black Sea and the provinces of the Baltic.



As his coast line extended, he built fortresses and established ports. Perhaps his mightiest work in this respect was his founding the city of St. Petersburg.

If you will look at the map of Russia, you will see that Moscow, its former capital, is almost in the very centre, and therefore a long distance from the sea. For this reason it could never become an important commercial centre. Peter consequently resolved to build a city on the sea-

coast, that should be at once the capital of the country and the most important seaport.

The site of the present city of St. Petersburg was at that time a mere swamp. By skill and perseverance it was drained and protected, and in about twelve months one of the finest cities of the world was erected upon it. Our picture represents an equestrian statue of its founder which adorns the city grounds.

Peter the Great died in 1725; his death was hastened by a severe cold caught in trying to push off a boat which had struck on a rock in Lake Ladoga. A celebrated French writer (Voltaire) says of him: 'He gave a polish to his people, and was himself a savage; he taught them the art of war, of which he was himself ignorant; from the sight of a small boat on the Moskwa, he created a powerful fleet; he made himself an expert shipwright, sailor, pilot, and commander; he changed the manners, customs, and laws of the Russians, and lives in their memory as the father of his country.'

Many interesting anecdotes are told of this great man. We will conclude this lesson by relating one of them.

Having appointed a very learned lawyer in Moscow as chief judge in a district, he gave him strict orders to discharge the duties of his office faithfully, and not to be seduced by bribes.

For a time the new judge did well; but in a while it was told the king that his officer was selling justice and being influenced by gifts. The king inquired into the matter, and found it true. The judge, as an excuse, pleaded that the salary was not sufficient to maintain his position and to keep him above the influence of bribes.

'How much, then, ought you to have?' said the czar. 'Twice the income I now receive,' was the reply. 'Very well, then,' said Peter, 'your salary shall be doubled, and I will add to it half as much more. Now, you must bind yourself by solemn oath that you will be faithful for the future. I will forgive your crime this time, but should you ever again be guilty of a similar offence, I will hang you as I would the greatest criminal.'

The judge was glad enough to promise fidelity, thankful to escape so easily. For some years he filled his office with faithfulness. By and by, thinking the king had forgotten to notice him, he allowed himself to fall into his sinful practices. The news soon reached the ears of the monarch, who, after careful inquiry, ordered the corrupt judge to be hanged.

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LESSON 24.

STORIES OF KINGS.

II. FREDERICK THE GREAT.

con-signed, given up
di-min-ish-ing, getting less
ex-hort-ing, advising strongly
il-lus-trate, show, explain
re-stored, replaced
re-view-ing, examining
sig-na-ture, name being signed
stern-ly, harshly
va-cant, empty, at liberty
wroth, angry

ac-know-ledg-ing **cu-ri-ous** **pen-sions** **re-ceipt**
as-ton-ish-ment **im-ag-ined** **pres-ence** **re-mark-a-ble**
char-ac-ter **pa-tient ly** **pros-pect** **vi-o-lent-ly**

Frederick II., king of Prussia, usually called Frederick the Great, was born in 1712, and died

in 1786, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, after a reign of more than forty years. In many respects he was one of the most remarkable men of his age. The following stories will illustrate his character. The first may be found in many reading books besides this.

One day Frederick the Great rang the bell for his page. Receiving no answer, he went into the room where the page ought to be when on duty; and there, sure enough, the boy was, but fast asleep. The king was about to awake him pretty smartly, when his eye caught sight of a letter hanging out of the page's pocket. Being rather curious, the king took it out and read it. It was a letter from the lad's mother acknowledging the receipt of part of his wages, thanking him, and praying God to bless him, and exhorting him to serve the king faithfully.

The king was much affected by this letter. He slipped out of the room quietly, returned to his own, and filled a small purse with pieces of gold. Returning to where the boy was still sleeping, he restored the letter to the pocket, at the same time putting in the purse of money with the letter. He then went back to his own room, and rang the bell so violently that the page awoke, and ran to see what his master wanted.

'Why, you have been asleep; this is the second time I have rung,' said the king, somewhat sternly. The poor fellow knew not what to say, and in his confusion accidentally put his hand into his pocket. Feeling there the purse, he pulled it out, and looked at it with astonishment. Forgetful of the presence of the king, he burst into tears.

'What is the matter?' said the king. 'Alas! your majesty,' said the poor boy, falling on his knees, 'some one wishes to ruin me. I know not how this money came into my pocket.' The king then told him who had put the money there, praised him for his thought and kindness, but above all for the honesty which he had just shown.

One day the widow of an officer whom the king greatly respected came to him and begged for assistance. The king was grieved to find her in poor circumstances, and said to her, 'I wish you had come to me sooner. Unfortunately there are no pensions vacant just at present; but never mind, I will do with one dish less at dinner every day; that will be a saving of three hundred and sixty-five crowns in the year, and that amount shall be regularly paid over to you until a pension is vacant.'

While the king was reviewing his troops in Silesia he stayed several times at the house of a curate. One day he asked the curate how he was getting on. 'Not very well,' said he. 'Have patience,' said the king, 'and you will do better in the next world.' 'I rather doubt that, your majesty,' said the curate. 'Dear me!' said the king, who was in one of his pleasant moods; 'tell me how you make that out.' The curate then told him that his large family had been a great expense to him, that to educate his sons at college he had had to borrow money, and that as his income was gradually diminishing he saw no prospect of paying back the money. 'Now, should I die without paying my debts,' said he, 'your majesty knows I should be consigned to misery in the next world, without pity.'

'That is very hard, indeed; but I will relieve you from that unhappy situation,' said the king. 'Let me know exactly the amount of your debts, and they shall be paid. In addition to that, I will increase your income so that you may live in peace of mind.'

The king was true to his word, and often laughed when he told how he had made a curate happy for both worlds.

One more anecdote shall conclude our stories of Frederick the Great.

A brave officer, having been discharged from the army, fell into poverty and want. He applied to the king for a pension, but none was vacant at that time. He applied so often that the king was wearied out, and gave orders that the officer was not to be admitted to his presence any more, but at the same time sent a message to him that his case should not be forgotten.

A few days after this a violent letter was sent to the king, without signature. The king was very wroth, and offered a reward of fifty pounds to any one who should discover the writer. The next day the officer made his appearance at the palace gates, but was refused admission. Insisting that he had an important communication to make, the king was informed, and he gave permission for him to be admitted.

When he was before the king he said, 'Your majesty has offered a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the writer of the letter. I claim the reward; I am the writer. Pay the money to my wife, that she may buy bread for my starving children; and then do with me what you will.'

'You shall go to Spandau,' said the monarch.

Spandau was a strong fortress near Berlin, where state prisoners were kept. 'I shall submit patiently to whatever punishment your majesty may inflict, now that I know my wife will have the reward,' said the officer.

The king sat down and wrote a letter. He then called a captain to him, and said, 'I give this officer into your charge; conduct him to the fortress of Spandau; give the commandant of the fortress this letter, and tell him not to open it until dinner, at which meal I request this officer to be present.'

The commandant was properly informed of the king's wishes, and invited the poor officer to dinner, who fully expected that it would be the last good meal he would have for some time. The commandant then opened the letter, and read as follows:—'The officer who dines with you to-day is hereby appointed commandant of the fortress of Spandau. His wife and children will be with him in a few hours, and bring with them fifty pounds. Another appointment has been made for you, as a reward for your past services, and you are required to come to the royal palace to receive it.'

The surprise of the old and new commandants may be imagined.

LESSON 25.

STORIES OF KINGS.

III. ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

am-bass-a-dor, one who represents his sovereign
brand-ed, marked
cal-am-i-ties, misfortunes
cen-tur-y, a hundred years
mel-on, fruit like a large orange
ob-liv-i-on, forgetfulness
parched, dried
pro-cured, got
trib-ute, payment

ac-cus-tomed	**con-quest**	**nar-ra-tive**	**rep-re-sent**
com-plete-ly	**hel-met**	**quar-rel**	**suc-ceed-ed**

This famous king, who occupies a foremost place in the history of Greece, lived more than twenty-two centuries ago. Born in the year 356 B.C., and dying in the year 323 B.C., it will be seen that he lived only thirty-two years. He succeeded his father Philip on the throne of Macedon in the year 336 B.C., being then scarcely twenty years of age.

His short reign of about a dozen years is one continued narrative of invasion and conquest, until it may be said that he had conquered the known world. He was a man of extreme passions; he could be as loving and generous as any man, but it is said he was also passionate, proud, and intemperate. He had many noble qualities, which endeared him to his soldiers.

Once his army passed through a barren desert, where his soldiers were almost dying from thirst. A little water was procured at great sacrifice, and brought in a helmet to the king.

Alexander looked at it and then at his

parched troops; then, knowing it could not satisfy more than one, he threw it on the ground, declaring he would fare no better than his brave soldiers.

One of the countries against which Alexander waged war was Persia. The story of the quarrel is said to be this: Alexander refused to pay the tribute of golden eggs which his father Philip had agreed to pay to the Persian monarch. When the ambassador of the king of Persia waited upon Alexander to receive the tribute, the latter said to him, 'Tell your master that the bird that laid the eggs has flown to the other world,' meaning that Philip was dead, and that his son did not mean to continue the tribute.

This message enraged the Persian king, who sent another ambassador to the court of Alexander, with a bat and ball, and a bag of small seeds. The bat and ball were intended to make fun of the Grecian king's youth; the bag of seed was to represent the vast number of the Persian army.

Alexander knew well what it meant, and he knew how to deal with it. Taking the bat in his hand, he struck the ball with great force, and said to the ambassador, 'Thus with my power will I strike the ball of your master's dominions.' Then calling for a fowl, he cast the seed before it, and looked on until it was completely devoured. 'Tell your king,' said he, 'that your numerous army will only be food for mine.' He then gave the ambassador a wild melon for his sovereign, telling him that the taste would give him some idea of the bitter fare which awaited him.

It was during this same war between the

Greeks and the Persians that another story is related of this king.

Four thousand Greeks had been taken prisoners by the Persians, and subjected to great cruelty. The hands and feet of some, the noses and ears of others, were cut off; all had their faces branded with hot irons. When they were delivered from their captivity by the victory of Alexander they were brought before him. At the sight of these unhappy beings the monarch burst into tears. He promised to restore them to their own country and to their own families. 'Alas!' said they, 'how can we again appear publicly in Greece, in the dreadful condition to which we are reduced, a condition still more shameful than unhappy? The best way to bear misery is to conceal it; and no country is so sweet to the wretched as an oblivion of their past calamities.' They entreated him, therefore, to permit them to remain in the land and among the people who had become accustomed to their misfortunes.

Alexander was touched by their appeal. He granted their request, gave to each a sum of money, clothes, a little land, two couple of oxen to plough with, and a quantity of corn to sow. He commanded the governor of the district to afford them every encouragement and help, to protect them, and to excuse them from paying the regular tribute and taxes.

LESSON 26.

STORIES OF KINGS.

IV. CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

as-sas-sin, secret murderer
as-sumed, took
cam-paign, time of fighting
cor-o-na-tion, crowning
man-i-fest-ed, showed
mon-arch, one who reigns alone
re-gen-cy, government for the king
re-verse, misfortune
sue, beg, entreat
Sul-tan, emperor of the Turks
tu-tor, teacher

at-tacked	**coun-ten-ance**	**of-fen-sive**	**sim-i-lar**
a-void	**des-per-ate**	**re-fuge**	**sov-er-eign**
be-sieg-ing	**mon-arch**	**sec-re-ta-ry**	**urged**

A brief sketch of the life of this remarkable sovereign will not be an unprofitable exercise. He was born at Stockholm in June 1682. Before he was eleven years old his mother died, and about four years afterwards his father died also. Thus at the age of fifteen he succeeded to the throne. The government for a time rested in the hands of his grandmother, who assumed the regency.

Early in life Charles manifested that bold, daring, and somewhat hasty spirit that was so prominent in his later days. On the very day of his coronation he snatched the crown from the officiating bishop and put it on his head himself.

At the beginning of his reign a league was formed against Sweden by the sovereigns of Saxony and Poland, Russia, and Denmark. Their object was to seize some of his Baltic provinces, and divide them amongst them. His

ministers were anxious to arrange matters so as to avoid a war, but the young king said, 'No; he would fight each of the three great monarchs, one at a time.'

And so he did. He soon made short work of the Danes, and compelled them to sue for peace. Next he turned to Russia. With a small army of 8000 men he attacked the Russian army of 80,000, which was besieging Narva. Although the enemy was ten times more numerous, Charles gained a glorious victory, slaying 30,000 Russians, and carrying off 20,000 more as prisoners. Poland in a similar manner was overcome; its king was dethroned, and another placed in his stead by Charles.

During the battle with the Russians a circumstance happened which shows the remarkable coolness and nerve of the Swedish monarch. While in a house dictating orders to his secretary a bomb fell close beside them. The secretary dropped his pen in terror, and exclaimed, 'Oh! a bomb!' 'Never mind,' said the king; 'what have we to do with the bomb? Go on writing.'

After a few years of great successes his army at last met with a terrible reverse. At the battle of Pultowa he was completely defeated by the Russians. His army was almost completely destroyed, and he himself obliged to take refuge in Turkey. Here he repeatedly urged the Turks to make war upon Russia, and at last became so offensive that the Sultan ordered him to leave the country. This he refused to do until his house was set on fire, and he was burnt out. Even then he made a furious attack on the crowd of Turks around, but was at last overpowered and made a prisoner.

For several months longer he was detained in Turkey. One day he suddenly left that country, and riding night and day for a fortnight he reached his own country, to the great joy of his people. He had ridden about 1300 miles in the saddle, without a night's rest; his legs were so swollen that his boots had to be cut away.

He found his country in a desperate condition. His old enemies were now joined by two others, Prussia and England. He determined to revenge himself first upon the Danes, and for this purpose he marched into Norway, which at that time belonged to Denmark. During the second campaign of this war he met with his death. Whether he fell in fair fight, or beneath the cowardly shot of the assassin, is not known. At the siege of Fredrickshall, in 1718, he was found leaning with his head against a wall, with a pistol shot through his head.

The two following anecdotes are told of his childhood, and serve to illustrate his endurance and ambition.

When scarcely seven years old, one day he gave a piece of meat to a favourite dog while at dinner. The dog, in its haste to snap the food, bit the hand of little Charles severely. The wound bled freely. The little boy, fearing to bring a punishment upon his dog, wrapped his bleeding hand in his napkin, and kept it under the table. Presently the queen, noticing that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He replied that he was not hungry, and did not care for food.

In a little while he became almost faint from loss of blood, and the company became rather alarmed at the paleness of the little fellow's

countenance. An officer who was present, however, suspected the cause, and named it to the queen. Upon being pressed, the child acknowledged the truth, but pleaded for the dog without any thought of himself. He knew the dog intended no harm, and, brave little fellow that he was, he would not betray it.

One of the earliest books he read was about Alexander the Great. When asked what he thought of the Grecian monarch, he replied, 'Oh, how I wish to be like him!' 'But,' said his tutor, 'you forget that he died at thirty-two years of age.' 'I remember not how long he lived, but the kingdoms he conquered,' was the child's reply.

LESSON 27.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

bil-low, sea, waves	**ram-parts**, fortified walls
corse, dead body, corpse	**reck**, care
go-ry, bloody	**shroud**, winding-sheet
mar-tial, soldier's, warlike	**up-braid**, reproach

bay-o-nets	**hol-lowed**	**ran-dom**	**sul-len-ly**
Brit-on	**fu-ner-al**	**stead-fast-ly**	**war-ri-or**

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
  And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
    dead,
  And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
  And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
    his head,
  And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
  And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
  In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
  When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
  That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
  From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
  But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

LESSON 28.

TUBAL CAIN.

brawn-y, hard
car-nage, bloodshed
for-bore, paused, ceased
hand-i-work, work of the hands
spoils, what is taken
staunch, firm, trusty
Tu-bal Cain, (see Gen. iv. 22)
wield, use, handle

brood-ing **friend-ship** **op-pres-sion** **smoul-dered**
fash-ioned **fur-nace** **plough-share** **weap-ons**

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, 'Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree.
And they sang, 'Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!'

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
  Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
  For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
  Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
  In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, 'Alas! that ever I made,
  Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
  Is to slay their fellow-man!'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
  Sat brooding o'er his woe,
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
  And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
  And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
  While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, 'Hurrah for my handiwork!'
  And the red sparks lit the air;
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'
  And he fashioned the first ploughshare!

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
  In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
  And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang, 'Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
  Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
  To him our praise shall be.

But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!'

MACKAY.

LESSON 29.

LEARN TO OBSERVE.

a-mends, satisfaction
con-clud-ed, formed an opinion
cred-it, believe
de-tail, particular
ev-i-dence, proof
fac-ul-ty, power of the mind
herb-age, pasture
il-lus-trate, make clear
me-di-um, means
ob-ser-va-tion, taking notice

ac-know-ledge **ad-vant-age** **cul-ti-va-ted** **es-tab-lish** **im-port-ant** **in-no-cence** **judg-ment** **sat-is-fac-tion**

The faculty of observation should be cultivated as much as possible. Most people have two eyes, but it is wonderful how very differently they are used. Two persons will walk into a shop or through a street together: the one has scarcely noticed anything, the other is able to tell you almost every detail, as though he had made it a study for a week. And yet each of them had a pair of eyes and the same opportunities of observation. The fault of the one was not in his eyes, but in the habit of mind, or rather, we should say, in his want of habit.

The eyes are merely the medium through which certain facts are impressed on the mind. If we would have our minds filled with knowledge, and rightly impressed, we must cultivate ·e best use of our senses, none of which are

more important than that of sight. Our eyes were given to us to observe with, that is, to look about us, to notice things around us, to gather facts as we pass through the world.

There is an old Eastern story or fable which will serve to illustrate the advantage of this habit of observation. A dervise was once going alone through one of the deserts of Arabia. A dervise is a man who has given himself up to religious life, and spends his time in praying, fasting, and other religious exercises. As he journeyed he met two merchants, who seemed to be in some sort of trouble or other. He inquired if they had not lost a camel. The men answered, in astonishment, that they had.

'He was blind in his right eye, I believe?' said the dervise.

'He was,' said the merchants.

'And lame in his left leg?' said the dervise.

'Yes,' answered the merchants joyfully, making sure they would now hear something about their lost camel.

'Had not the camel lost a front tooth?' inquired the good man.

'He had,' both replied.

'He was loaded with wheat on one side?'

'True.'

'And with honey on the other?'

'Most certainly he was. And now, as you know where our camel is, be good enough to show us where we may find him.'

'My friends,' said the dervise, 'I cannot do that, for I have neither seen your camel nor do I know where he is.'

Now the camel was loaded partly with money and jewels as well as honey and wheat, and the

merchants, believing the dervise intended to rob them of these treasures, would not credit his statement that he had not seen their beast. They therefore seized him and hurried him before the cadi or judge.

The judge heard the whole story first from the merchants. He then called upon the prisoner to acknowledge that he had stolen the camel, or to clear himself to the satisfaction of the court. The dervise then said that he was able to establish his innocence by proving that he knew no more about the camel than any one else might have known by going through the desert with his eyes open. He had noticed while journeying certain footprints in the sand, which he knew to be a camel's; and as no human footmarks were seen, he concluded at once that the camel had strayed away.

'But how did you know he was blind of one eye?' said one of the merchants.

'I noticed that the herbage was cropped only on the left side of the road, and judged that the animal had lost its right eye.'

'But you said it was lame in the left leg,' said the other merchant.

'Yes, I thought it might be, because I noticed that the mark it left in the sand with that foot was fainter than the other,' replied the dervise.

'But,' said the judge, 'how could you know it had lost a tooth?'

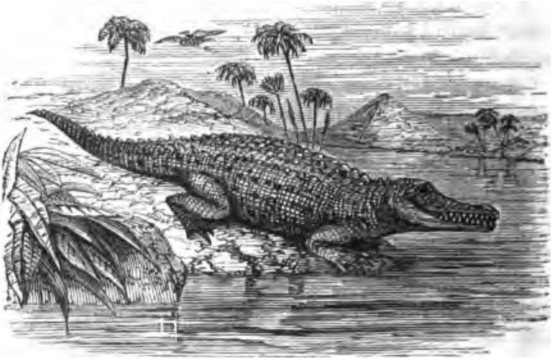
'When I had become curious about the animal, I looked carefully at various spots where it had grazed, and found everywhere a little tuft of herbage in the very middle of the bite; and this led me to conclude that it had lost a front tooth.'

He also told them that, from seeing the busy ants on one side and numbers of flies on the other, he had judged that the camel had been loaded with wheat and honey.

'And now,' said the dervise, 'you may have better evidence still that I am innocent, if you will but take my advice. From seeing no other footprints than that of the camel, I now judge that he is not stolen, but simply strayed away. Had you continued your search for him, instead of wasting your time here, I doubt not you would have found him by this time. So certain am I that you will find him, that I will remain with the cadi until your return.'

'So be it,' said the judge; 'go and look for your camel.' Scarcely an hour had passed before the merchants returned, bringing the camel with them. They acknowledged that their judgment of the dervise had been too hastily formed, but tried to make amends by making him a present of money.





LESSON 30.

ABOUT CROCODILES.

des-o-la-tion, ruin
for-mi-da-ble, dreadful
in-fest-ed, troubled, annoyed
pru-dence, wisdom, forethought
pur-sued, followed, chased
re-bound, bound back

at-tack **e-nor-mous** **mis-chief** **ter-ri-ble**
croc-o-dile **ich-neu-mon** **scal-y** **un-fre-quent-ly**

Just look at the picture at the head of this lesson. What a terrible-looking fellow he is! Once in those fierce jaws it would not be easy getting out again. Very few things once seized by those enormous teeth—nearly eighty in number—ever *do* come out again. Its back and sides are covered with a scaly substance so hard that stones thrown with great force have no more effect on it than so many balls of wool. Even musket-balls have been seen to rebound

from its back as they would from an iron-plated ship. Except under the belly, it can scarcely be wounded at all.

Some portions of the banks of the river Nile are much infested with these animals, which are a great source of fear to the natives. Fortunately, the crocodile has great difficulty in bending its body sideways; so that whenever a native is pursued by one of these animals he generally escapes by running in a circle, or by what is called doubling back.

Sometimes a negro will be found bold enough to attack this monster in the river. Tying a piece of cow's hide several times round his left arm, and arming himself with a strong dagger in his right hand, he plunges into the stream. Offering his left arm to the crocodile, he strikes the dagger into it with all his force before the animal has time to get a good hold. If he does not succeed in killing the crocodile, he then tries to plunge his dagger or his thumbs into the animal's eyes, so that, in its blindness and pain, he may escape. You may be sure that this is a very dangerous matter, and not unfrequently human life is lost.

If the crocodiles of the African rivers were allowed to multiply without any check, they would become a more formidable foe than the wild beasts. There is a way of keeping down their numbers, and this has given rise to the following fable.

A fierce crocodile that lived on the banks of the Nile became famous for its strength and courage. The wild beasts even were so afraid of it that they would not venture into the river to drink. Men, women, and children were caught

by it, and killed. It became so terrible that no creature could live near it.

Though it was so powerful, and did what it pleased, it was not contented. It spread desolation on every hand, it filled every creature with terror, but it had one foe that gave it no peace.

This foe was the ichneumon, a creature rather larger than the cat. The hair on its body was grey, and its paws, nose, and tail were black. It came with noiseless steps to the home of the crocodile. It caught the young ones while they were asleep, and killed them; it scratched up the eggs out of the sand, and devoured them.

While every other beast was afraid of crocodiles, the little ichneumon was killing them every day. It did not wait until the shells on their backs were tough and hard; it did not delay until they had gained strength and courage. It sought them when they were young and weak, and fell upon them when they were unprepared.

The crocodile was wild with rage. 'Only think,' said he, 'how a little creature can tease me! It gives me more trouble than all the other creatures in the world. It moves so quickly that I cannot catch it. It comes so quietly that I cannot hear it. It gives my family and friends no rest. It devours our eggs, and kills our young ones. No matter where we go, or how we hide them, it is sure to find them. It never seems to sleep, for we see its mischief every day. Where men and beasts kill one of us, it kills a hundred. I have heard that it boasts of its skill, and tells the wild beasts that an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of courage, saying that if there are no young crocodiles there will no old ones.'

All that was true. The wild beasts had had a meeting, at which all sorts of things had been proposed by which to get rid of the crocodile and all his race. The ichneumon had given his advice: 'Destroy the crocodile while young. How is it that I can destroy fifty in a day while you together cannot destroy one? *I attack him in the egg.* Do the same, and we shall soon have no crocodiles left.'

LESSON 31.

STORIES OF QUEENS.

I. BOADICEA.

cav-al-ry, horse soldiers
dis-ci-plined, trained
in-cit-ing, rousing, encouraging
in-vin-ci-ble, cannot be conquered
mien, manner
mus-ter-ing, numbering
prog-en-y, race, descendants
re-count-ing, telling, describing
re-volt, rebellion
scourged, whipped
to-tal, entire, complete
ven-geance, injury in return

cru-el-ty **es-tab-lished** **gov-er-nor** **op-pres-sors**
daugh-ters **fierce-ness** **op-pres-sion** **slaugh-ter**

This was the name of a British queen who was bold enough to make war upon the Romans after they had established themselves in this country. Her story is a sad one, because of cruelty and oppression. Her husband was king of the *Iceni*, a people dwelling in Norfolk and the district about. When he died, fearing that the Romans would take all his property and wealth, he left one half to them freely, hoping that they would allow his wife and daughters to enjoy the other half peaceably. Instead of doing

so, however, they seized upon the whole, and when Boadicea asked for her rights they scourged her with rods and publicly insulted her daughters.

Burning with shame and anger, she sought for the first opportunity for revenge. Her people, too, were ready to take vengeance for the cruel wrong done to their queen. The opportunity soon arrived.

At this time Suetonius Paulinus was governor in Britain. Just then he had been called away to the Isle of Anglesey in an attack upon the Druids, who had fled to the oak forests of that island. Taking advantage of his absence, Boadicea went among the people proclaiming her wrongs, and stirring them up to open revolt. Soon she collected a vast force, with which she marched against three Roman stations. No less than 70,000 of her enemies were slain.

Such successes largely increased her numbers, until she was in command of an army mustering 230,000. Suetonius hastened to meet her, but could not raise more than about 10,000 men. With this force he determined to give battle. Stationing his forces on the Essex shore, with their backs to the sea, he patiently awaited the approach of the Britons.

Soon the vast army appeared, covering the plains as far as the eye could reach. With the Britons had come their wives and families, to witness, as they thought, the total defeat of their oppressors. Boadicea and her daughters rode to and fro among the troops, recounting their wrongs, and inciting the soldiers to take deep revenge.

The Britons made the attack, rushing on to the enemy with shouts and songs of victory. They made but little effect upon the Romans,

who stood like a wall. The Romans then arranged themselves into the form of a wedge, and charged with great vigour. This caused great slaughter among the Britons. Suetonius, noticing that the British chariots were a great trouble to his troops, ordered his soldiers to aim at the naked bodies of the drivers.

The battle raged with terrible fierceness on both sides; but the coolness and skill of the disciplined Roman soldiers were more than a match for the vast numbers of the Britons. Their very numbers made them unmanageable, and the women were greatly in the way. When the tide of battle turned in favour of the Romans, the slaughter of their enemies was fearful. They were trampled to death beneath the horses of the cavalry, and put to death by the swords of the foot soldiers. Flight was almost impossible, for the Britons had placed their waggons in a kind of semi-circle, which enclosed them and prevented their retreat.

The Romans, maddened with fury, spared neither age nor sex. It is said that 80,000 Britons perished on the field of battle, while the Roman loss was only about 400. Boadicea, hopeless and despairing, soon after the battle put an end to her life by poisoning.

The following poem was written on this subject by William Cowper about a hundred years ago:—

BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke,
  Full of rage and full of grief.

'Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

'Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
  From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew,
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due!
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you!'

COWPER.

—o—

LESSON 32.

STORIES OF QUEENS.

II. PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

au-di-ence, a hearing
burgh-ers, freemen, inhabitants
cam-paigns, fightings
cit-i-zens, natives of the city
gar-ri-son, troops
Hain-ault, a province of Belgium
halt-ers, ropes
in-del-i-ble, cannot be removed
pe-ti-tion, ask

at-tach-ment	**ex-e-cu-tion**	**me-chan-ics**	**scaf-fold**
con-quers	**in-hab-i-tants**	**pres-ence**	**sub-mis-sion**
dig-ni-ty	**in-her-i-tance**	**prom-in-ent**	**sym-pa-thy**

This noble lady became the wife of Edward III. of England. The attachment between them arose in the year 1326, when Edward and his mother, Queen Isabella, took refuge at the court of Philippa's father, Count William of

Hainault. For forty years as an English queen did she continue to exercise a good influence over a brave husband and a large and interesting family. Her two sons, the Black Prince and John of Gaunt, whose names are prominent in English history for valour and renown, owe much to the gentle and thoughtful teaching of their mother.

During the various wars of Edward the Third's reign, Queen Philippa accompanied her husband in several of his campaigns. In one of these, namely at the siege of Calais, the following incident took place, which shows the kindness of her heart, and the influence she had over the king.

The siege of Calais lasted nearly a whole year. Unable to take it by force, Edward surrounded the town both on land and sea, and cut off all means of communication with other parts of France, hoping thereby to starve the garrison and inhabitants into submission. In this he succeeded. After eleven months of brave resistance, the town asked upon what terms they would be allowed to surrender.

Edward, angry at their continued resistance, declared he would make no promises of mercy, and that the surrender must be unconditional. His own officers, who secretly admired the bravery of the men of Calais, pleaded for the lives of the inhabitants. Edward gave way so far as to promise that if six of the principal citizens of the town would offer their lives as a sacrifice for the rest,—if they would appear before him in their shirts, and with halters round their necks, offering to him the keys of the town and castle,—he would spare the rest of the inhabitants.

Six noble men offered themselves, led on by the richest inhabitant of the town. In the condition required, and with the keys in their hands, they passed through the gates of Calais and presented themselves at the camp of Edward. No pity for them stirred in his breast. More than one of his best soldiers pleaded with tearful eyes for the poor captives. The only reply Edward made was, 'Officer, lead these men to execution.'

Just at that moment Edward's queen arrived from England with a number of troops to strengthen the king's army. An officer who had taken great interest in the prisoners went immediately to the queen and told her how matters stood. Her sympathy was kindled for the poor citizens, and she requested an audience with the king at once.

'My lord,' said she, addressing the king, 'I want to petition you on behalf of some unfortunate men. It is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sacrificed six of your enemies to death. No, my lord; they have sentenced themselves. The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honour, but to Edward a stage of shame, a reproach to his conquests, an indelible stain on his name.'

The king was convinced. 'I have done wrong,' he said. 'Let the execution be stayed, and the men brought to me.' Then turning to his wife, he said, 'They are in your hands, do as you like with them.'

The captives were soon brought into the

presence of the queen, who commanded the ropes to be taken off their necks, and proper clothes given to them; after which she thus addressed them: 'Natives of France and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you did what you thought was right, and we admire your valour. Noble burghers! excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and throne, we can feel nothing but respect and affection for you. We loose your bonds; we snatch you from the scaffold; we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station, that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings.'

So saying, she dismissed them with presents. 'Ah! my country,' said the chief citizen, 'it is now that I tremble for you. Edward takes only our cities, but Philippa conquers our hearts.'

The next day the king and queen entered the town in royal state, and remained there a few days, after which they returned to England.

LESSON 33.

STORIES OF QUEENS.

III. CAROLINE OF ENGLAND.

ac-ces-sion, arriving at
con-sid-er-ate, having regard
en-treat-ed, besought, pressed
fa-tigue, toil, labour
hu-man-i-ty, kindness, benevolence
in-sta-bil-i-ty, changeableness

at-tend-ants	**ex-er-cise**	**ma-jest-y**	**per-mit**
en-dure	**grand-eur**	**oc-ca-sion**	**wel-fare**

This learned and in many respects excellent woman was the wife of George II. of England. When the death of George I. was known in London, and Caroline became queen by the accession of her husband to the throne, she wrote the following letter to the younger members of the royal family:—

'MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I write to you after a most troublesome night, with a dead king always before my eyes, and he will never be out of my thoughts. I believe the king, your father, cannot give you a greater proof of the love and good intention he has for you than he did in remembering you before he went to London. I hope the death of your grandfather will be a lesson to you of the instability of all human grandeur, and that you will always be prepared to give an account to the great God of all your actions whenever He pleases to call you before Him. Adieu, my dears. CAROLINE.'

Queen Caroline was always thoughtful and

considerate for the welfare and comfort of others. Being informed that her oldest daughter was in the habit every evening, on retiring to rest, of employing one of the ladies of the court to read to her until she dropped asleep, and hearing that on one occasion the princess had insisted upon this until the poor reader fainted away with fatigue, the queen determined to teach her daughter a lesson of humanity.

One night as the queen was in bed, she sent for her daughter, and desired her to read aloud, requesting her to stand while she did so. For some time the princess read on, and then made a long pause, hoping to receive an order to stop altogether, or at least to be seated. 'Go on,' said her mother. Presently she paused again, and looked pleadingly at the queen. 'Don't stop, my dear, until you are sure I am asleep,' said her majesty.

The poor princess made a third attempt, rousing all her energy, as she began now to see the design of her mother. But scarcely an hour more had passed before she broke down completely, burst into tears, and entreated her mother to permit her to retire. 'My daughter,' said the queen, 'if you thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your attendants feel who do it every night? Hence learn, my daughter, never to indulge your own ease while you suffer your attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue.'

Her daughter, who afterwards married the Prince of Orange, never forgot the lesson so impressed upon her by her royal mother.

LESSON 34.

STORIES OF QUEENS.

IV. MARIE ANTOINETTE.

al-lu-sion, reference
ar-rest-ed, seized, taken up
Dau-phin, title of the eldest son of the king of France before the Revolution
guil-lo-tined, beheaded
re-pub-lic, a country where the rulers are elected from time to time by the people
sus-pense, uncertainty, doubt
tri-bu-nal, court of justice

af-fec-tion-ate ex-e-cu-tion im-pris-oned scaf-fold
An-toi-nette hand-ker-chiefs Rev-o-lu-tion un-for-tu-nate

Scarcely any lady of modern times had to drink more deeply of the cup of sorrow than had this beautiful but unfortunate queen. She was daughter of the Emperor of Germany, and was born at Vienna in 1755. Before she was fifteen she was married to the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XVI. Four years afterwards, upon the death of Louis XV., she became queen of France.

During her husband's reign the terrible French Revolution broke out. Fearless for herself, she braved many dangers in seeking to encourage her husband and the friends of order. She and her husband were imprisoned in August 1792, and kept in confinement for some months. On the 21st of January of the following year, Louis XVI. was led out for execution. She took an affectionate farewell of him on the morning of that day, and then went back to her prison to await the decision of the rulers as to her own fate.

For nine or ten months she was kept in the most anxious suspense. From time to time she heard sad accounts of her friends and kindred. On the 14th of October she was brought before the tribunal, and addressed, not as the queen, but as 'the widow Capet,' in allusion to the family name of her murdered husband. She defended herself with dignity against the false charges brought against her by the Republic, but to no purpose. A few hours afterwards she was sentenced to be guillotined.

On the 16th of October, on the same spot where her husband had suffered, Marie Antoinette met her death at the hands of the public executioner. The streets leading from her prison to the scaffold were lined by two rows of armed citizens. As she passed through the ranks, cheers were heard from the people who crowded to see her. She had on a loose white dress, and her hands were tied behind her back. She looked quietly at the mob, which had consented to the cruel death of their queen, and passed firmly to the scaffold.

Some of her friends were faithful to death. Immediately her head was severed from her body, three young persons stepped forward and dipped their handkerchiefs in her blood, but they were at once arrested and hurried off to prison.

LESSON 35.

STORIES OF QUEENS.

V. CATHARINE OF RUSSIA.

bribed, bought over	**mel-an-chol-y,** gloomy state of mind
em-braced, accepted	**o-rig-i-nal,** first
en-deav-oured, tried	**Pruth,** river between Russia and Turkey
Mar-i-en-burg, town in Russia	

gov-ern-ment	**pen-sion**	**sac-ri-ficed**	**su-per-i-or**
hu-man-i-ty	**prin-ci-pal**	**suc-cess or**	**vic-tim**

Raised from a very humble position in life to be the wife of Peter the Great, she never forgot the days of her youth. Her original name was Martha, but she took the name of Catharine when she embraced the religion of the Greek Church and became the empress of Russia.

Perhaps the most marked feature in her character was her humanity and compassion for the unfortunate. Upon succeeding to the throne on the death of her husband, she declared that no one should be put to death in her reign. She nobly kept her word. During Peter's life she had endeavoured to win him over to the same degree of kindness. One writer in speaking of her says: 'She had in some sort the government of all Peter's passions, and even saved the lives of a great many persons. She inspired him with that humanity which, in the opinion of his subjects, nature seemed to have denied him. A word from her mouth in favour of a wretch just going to be sacrificed to his anger would disarm him; but if he was fully resolved to satisfy that

passion, he would give orders for the execution when she was absent, for fear she should plead for the victim.'

As we said, she did not forget the condition which she had once occupied. In the days of her poverty she had once lived as a servant in a Protestant minister's family at Marienburg. Years afterwards she bestowed many favours upon the members of this family, who were in poor circumstances. She settled a pension upon the widow, made her son a page, and placed her daughters in the royal household as maids of honour. A gentleman who had been tutor in the same family, and who had shown kindness to Catharine, was also rewarded with a pension from the royal funds.

In the year 1711, Peter the Great made war against the Turks. His brave wife accompanied him, and was the means of saving the Russian army, and perhaps the Russian empire. It happened in this way. The Turks, in greatly superior numbers, succeeded in surrounding the Russian camp on the Pruth and cutting off all supplies. Soon the provisions came to an end, and the whole army was in danger of being captured or perishing. Peter shut himself up in his tent, and gave way to melancholy. His wife collected all her valuable jewels, and with these bribed the principal officer of the Turks to allow provisions to pass into the camp. In a few days, by her influence, a peace was concluded, and the army permitted to retire.

Before Peter died he named his wife as his successor. She immediately called together the principal nobles of the empire, that she might obtain their consent to some new laws. In their

address to her they styled her, 'Great, wise, and mother of the people;' but she refused all those titles except the last, saying, 'There is no true greatness in this world, nor is any mortal really wise; I hope, however, that I shall always act as the mother of my people.'

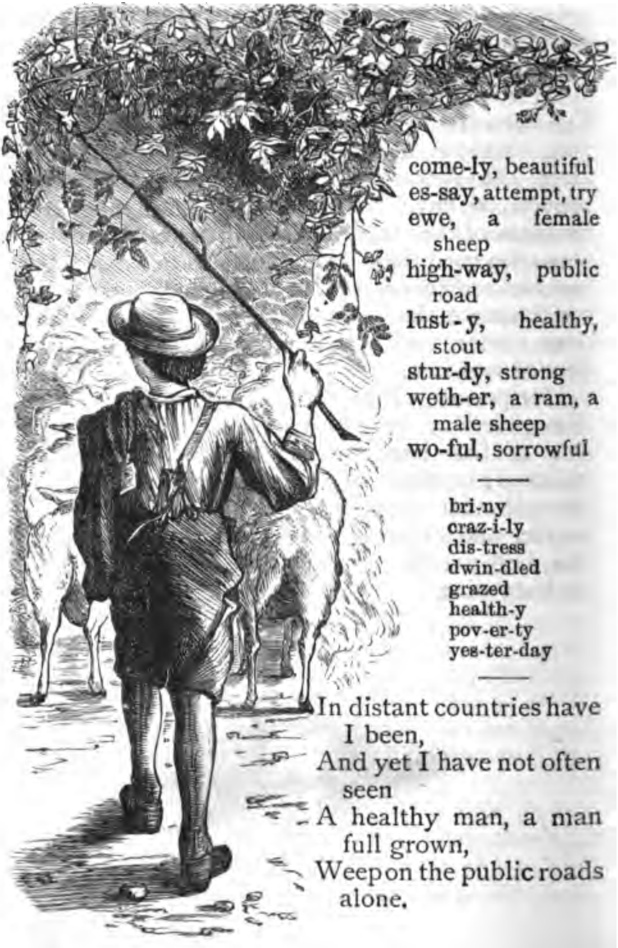
It would have been well if no other record had been left of Catharine's life than the above. But, alas! on the faithful pages of history her after-life shows in no bright colours. She proved to have no talent for conducting the business of the state, and left it in the hands of men who used their power and position unwisely and for selfish ends. As in all such cases, the condition of the country became worse rather than better, and much of her former good influence was lost.

Her private character suffered more severely. She gave way to intemperance, and grew careless of her health. The sure consequences followed: in about two years after she had been the sole ruler of Russia, death visited the royal palace, and claimed the sovereign for its prey. She died on the 17th of May 1727, at the age of thirty-nine.



LESSON 36.

THE LAST OF THE FLOCK.



come-ly, beautiful
es-say, attempt, try
ewe, a female sheep
high-way, public road
lust-y, healthy, stout
stur-dy, strong
weth-er, a ram, a male sheep
wo-ful, sorrowful

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bri-ny
craz-i-ly
dis-tress
dwin-dled
grazed
health-y
pov-er-ty
yes-ter-day

In distant countries have
  I been,
And yet I have not often
  seen
A healthy man, a man
  full grown,
Weep on the public roads
  alone.

But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet;
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad,
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide;
Then with his coat he made essay
To wipe those briny tears away.
I followed him, and said, 'My friend,
What ails you, wherefore weep you so?'
'Shame on me, sir! This lusty lamb,
He makes my tears to flow;
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock.

'When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see.
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store.

'Year after year my stock it grew;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As sweet a flock as ever grazed!
Upon the mountain did they feed;
They throve, and we at home did thrive.

This lusty lamb, of all my store,
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

'Six children, sir, had I to feed;
Hard labour in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the parish asked relief.
They said I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the mountain fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
"Do this; how can we give to you,"
They cried, "what to the poor is due?"

'I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food;
For me, it never did me good.
A woful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away;
For me it was a woful day.

'Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother;
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped,
Till thirty were not left alive.
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,—
And I may say that many a time
I wished they all were gone,—
They dwindled one by one away;
For me it was a woful day.

'To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see
I thought he knew some ill of me.
No peace, no comfort, could I find,
No ease within doors or without;
And crazily, and wearily,
I went my work about.
Ofttimes I thought to run away;
For me it was a woful day.

'Sir, 'twas a precious flock to me,
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress.
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week and every day
My flock it seemed to wear away.

'They dwindled, sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,—
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe,—
And then, at last, from three to two;
And of my fifty yesterday
I had but only one;
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none:
To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock.'

WORDSWORTH.

LESSON 37.

CASABIANCA.

a-ban-doned, forsook, left
chief-tain, leader
frag-ments, pieces
he-ro-ic, brave
oc-curred, happened
pen-non, small flag
wreath-ing, twisting, encircling

dis-hon-our **mag-a-zine** **tri-fling** **wrapped**
ex-plo-sion **strewed** **un-con-scious** **wreck**

During the battle of the Nile, in which Lord Nelson was engaged against the French fleet, an incident occurred which gave rise to the following beautiful poem by Mrs. Hemans. Admiral Casabianca was in charge of the *Orient*, the flag-ship of the French fleet. He was accompanied by his little son of about thirteen years of age, who ran in and out among the gunners and sailors, giving them childish encouragement. His father, willing to please his little boy, gave him some trifling duty to attend to, and left him in a certain part of the ship, telling him not to leave his post until he had permission.

In the course of the action the admiral was struck dead by a shell; but the boy knew it not. Soon afterwards the ship took fire, the guns were abandoned, and nearly every one fled. The boy called aloud to his father to know if he might leave his post without dishonour. An old sailor, one of the last to leave the ship, then told him of his father's death, and begged him to hasten from the vessel before the fire reached ·: powder magazine.

The boy would not leave the ship, but running to the gun-room, and seeing the lifeless body of his father, he declared he would not leave him. Another moment and the flames had reached the powder, and then in one mighty explosion all was over.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
  Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
  Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
  A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
  Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
  His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, 'Say, father, say,
  If yet my task is done!'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
  Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
  'If I may yet be gone!'
And but the booming shots replied,
  And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
  And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
  In still, yet brave despair.

He shouted yet once more aloud,
  'My father, must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
  The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound;
  The boy!—Oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
  Was that young faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON 38.

AN IRISH STORY.

an-i-ma-ted, lively
brogue, dialect, pronunciation
Er-in, another name for Ireland
flag, slacken
leg-end, story, fable
pa-tron, father, protector
so-journ, stay
vol-u-ble, talkative, fluent

au-thor-i-ty	**en-tic-ing**	**mis-sion-a-ry**	**sus-pi-cious**
both-ered	**fu-ri-ous-ly**	**pi-rates**	**ven-er-a-ble**
coun-ten-ance	**gen-u-ine**	**poi-son-ous**	**wrig-gling**

I had spent a fortnight in the county of Galway, and was taking one of my last rides along the delightful coast of that portion of the

west of Ireland, when I picked up the following Irish legend. My driver was one of the merriest and wittiest fellows I had met with in my short sojourn in the land of Erin; and that is saying a great deal. As there was nobody but ourselves in the car, I got into conversation with Mike, who never allowed it to flag for half a second. From one story to another he ran so rapidly, that I got half-a-dozen mixed up in my head before I had time to answer any of them.

To give him breathing time, I remarked, 'This is a splendid country of yours, Mike; surely it is vastly improved since St. Patrick lived in it?' This was like applying a lighted match to gunpowder; the very name of St. Patrick set him off like a steam-engine; he was more voluble than ever. I will not trouble the reader with an account of all the good things he said about the venerable saint, but content myself with one story he told me. I am sorry that I cannot write it as he told it, with all the rich Irish brogue and the genuine humour he displayed in his animated countenance.

Before relating the legend, just a word or two about St. Patrick. No name is more venerated in Ireland than this one; it is the name of its patron saint. According to the best accounts, St. Patrick lived during the fifth century. He was not a native of Ireland, having been born in the south-west of Scotland. While very young he was carried off by some pirates to Ireland, and there sold as a slave. He made his escape some years afterwards to France, and became a monk. Visiting Rome, he attracted the attention of the Pope, who sent him as a missionary to Ireland. In that country he laboured with

great success, leading a holy and useful life. Numerous legends are connected with his name, and especially with his work of attempting to clear the country of poisonous snakes and other dangerous vermin.

'St. Patrick!' exclaimed Mike; 'bless his soul! he was a mighty fine gentleman. Did your honour ever hear how he got rid of the last serpent in the country?' 'Well, not exactly,' I answered. 'I suppose pretty much as he got rid of the first; that is, if he ever did destroy them all. I have only the authority of an old song for this, which says—

"He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever."'

'Oh, sure, but he did drive them out,' said Mike; 'and I'll tell you how he managed the last of all. This was a big, cunning old serpent, who thought himself a match for the mighty saint. When he saw the good man enticing the snakes down to the sea, he used to coil himself up and call them very foolish. St. Patrick noticed this, and thought he must try some other plan with him. He got a big iron chest with nine bolts to it on the outside, and, said he to himself, "Let me once get Mr. Serpent in here and I'll pitch it into the middle of the sea."

'So one morning as the holy man was walking near the beach he saw the big monster, which began to hiss most furiously. "Now, don't be out of temper," said the saint; "and if you are determined to dwell in the land, I have provided for you a comfortable home, where you can pass the winter more comfortably than behind the rocks." So he showed the serpent

the box, which was nicely lined with warm clothing.

'"Thank you," said the serpent, half suspicious of something wrong, "the house is much too small for me; I couldn't get in the half of my tail."

'"Well now, just try. Get in as much of yourself as you can, and then I shall see what size of a house you will take, for I am determined to make you one large enough," said St. Patrick.

'The serpent swelled himself out as much as he could, and got into the chest, head first. He found it quite large enough for him, but, pretending it was too small, he hung out a little of his tail. The very moment he was fairly in the saint pulled down the lid with a great bang, which made the old fellow pull in his tail. As soon as the lid was shut, the good man bolted all the nine bolts, and made them very fast.

'"Oh, murder! let me out! let me out!" said the serpent. "Hadn't you better lay up for the winter?" said the saint; and taking the chest with both hands, he gave a mighty lift and threw it into the sea.

'And,' said Mike, 'they say the serpent is there yet, and his wriggling to get out makes the waves of the sea.'

By the time Mike had finished this story we had reached the end of my ride. I thanked my driver for his stories, and told him I should tell my young English friends how St. Patrick got rid of the last of the serpents.

LESSON 39.

A DREAM OF HOME.

clime, country	**re-al-ized**, got back
per-ma-nent, lasting	**sore-ly**, severely
pov-er-ty, want, being poor	**taxed**, tried
pur-chas-er, buyer	**tramp**, wander

ab-sence	**em-ploy-ment**	**fam-i-lies**	**neigh-bours**
beau-ti-ful	**e-nough**	**in-tro-duced**	**scarce-ly**

Our picture represents a poor little Italian boy fallen asleep by his organ, which he has been grinding for some hours. His little monkey, and constant companion as he treads the streets and squares of the great city, is taking a rest too. Perhaps the little fellow is dreaming of his home, far away beyond the sea, where the sky is ever blue, and where his earliest days were spent.

Little Carlo was not born in London; he has only lived there about two years. His true home is in a beautiful village in the north of Italy. He was one of a large family, which sorely taxed the father to provide food and clothes for them all. When Carlo was about twelve years of age, an old native of the village where he lived returned, after an absence of many years. He had gone away in great poverty, but returned in such fine clothes, and with plenty of money, that his old neighbours begged him to tell them how he had got so rich.

He said that after he had left the village he wandered in many countries of Europe, but was unable to obtain permanent employment. He found his way at last to London, where he met



some of his countrymen. Here he was introduced to a man who let out street-organs on hire. He agreed to pay so much a week for the use of the organ, and was so successful that he became the purchaser of it in time. A little while after, he had saved up enough money to buy another organ, and then another, until he was the owner of half-a-dozen. These he let out at a certain rate a day, by which he soon realized his money again. The idea then struck him that many poor children in his native village would be glad to come with him to England, and earn their own living, besides saving up a little money to send to their parents. So he had returned to see if three or four parents would let their boys go back to England with him.

This was the man's story; and as he had been known as a kind and honest neighbour, there were many families who were only too glad to spare their growing boys of twelve or thirteen years of age. And this was how Carlo came to leave the sunny clime of Italy. With three other boys about his age, he was taken to the great city of London.

His master was very kind to him, and promised that one quarter of all the money he earned should be his own; he might either send it home or save it up to buy himself an organ when he grew older. He bought him a little monkey, and told him to teach it funny tricks, that he might get more money.

But it was hard work for poor Carlo. For nearly a year he could scarcely make himself understood in English, and he had to tramp about with his organ and monkey a long time before he could earn a shilling. But he kept up

a brave heart; he looked forward to the time when he could revisit his old home, and show his parents a handful of bright gold.

Many times his mind was carried back to his little brothers and sisters in their sweet village in Italy. Perhaps his thoughts are there now.

LESSON 40.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

fanes, temples
groves, trees, woods
Hes-pe-ri-an, western. So called from Hesperus or Venus, the evening star
larch, a kind of pine-tree
main, sea, ocean
spar-ry, like spar
trace, follow
veiled, covered
ver-dure, greenness
wreaths, garlands

an-cient	**fringe**	**re-sounds**	**tas-sels**
chest-nut	**rein-deer**	**shad-ow-y**	**vi-o-let**

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry-time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

MRS. HEMANS.

LESSON 41.

A STORY ABOUT RED INDIANS.

can-ni-bal, eating human flesh
Cher-o-kees, a tribe of Indians
det-ri-ment, harm, injury
hag-gard, wild
lard-ed, dressed with bits of bacon
pil-lage, spoil, plunder
res-cued, set free
scalped, skin torn from the top of the head
skir-mish, fight
squat, close to the ground
tom-a-hawk, Indian hatchet

bar-ba-ri-ans	**ex-cur-sions**	**pur-sued**	**sur-geon**
con-so-la-tion	**fe-ro-cious**	**re-jec-tion**	**tor-tur-ers**
des-tined	**ne-groes**	**suf-fer-ings**	**ven-i-son**

About a hundred years ago, during one of the wars with the native Indian tribes of North America, a surgeon of the United States was taken prisoner. He was rescued after a time, but the account of his sufferings, which he published soon afterwards, is best given in his own language.

'On the night I arrived at Colonel Sinclair's plantations we were surrounded by a party of Cherokees, and as we made no resistance, were all taken alive. We were then driven away before them, laden with pillage, into their own country, excepting two negroes, whom, being ill and unable to keep pace with us, they scalped and left on the path. In proceeding to the Indian town, I understood (having some knowledge of their language) that these Cherokees had lost in the expedition one of their head warriors in a skirmish with some of our rangers,

and that I was destined to be presented to that chief's mother and family in his place. At this I was overjoyed, knowing that thereby I had a chance, not only of being secured from death and torture, but even of good usage.

'I perceived, however, that I had much overrated my matter of consolation as soon as I was introduced to the mother of their hero. She sat squat on the ground, with a bear's cub in her lap, looking as fierce and ugly as she could. Instead of accepting me as her adopted son, she fixed her bloodshot, haggard eyes upon me, and then spoke words of rejection and destruction.

'The famous Logan, a chief of another territory, some of whose hunters were in the party which took us, sent to interpose for my life, and offered a great supply of gunpowder, shot, flints, provisions, and rum for my ransom; but his offers were refused—the feast of revenge was too delicious for the ferocious old savage.

'My head ran on nothing now but stones, sticks, pitch-pine, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and the other instruments of savage cruelty; but I was mistaken in that too, and reserved, alas! for new and unheard-of torments. These Indians, in one of their late excursions into South Carolina, had met, it seems, with some larded venison, which pleased their taste, in consequence of which they had carried off some larding pins, as well as a quantity of bacon; and my cannibal mistress had determined to make, by means of an Indian who had seen the operation in Carolina, an application of this discovery to human flesh.

'When it was evening these barbarians brought me, entirely naked, before a large fire, kindled in the midst of this woman's hut, around which

the three or four other families who were also inmates of this Indian house, with other savages, were collected, with a store of rum before them, and every other preparation for a feast. Two young torturers, having first bound me to a stake, began the process of larding me. After they had larded my left side, they turned it close to the fire, and proceeded on the other. This performance took up much time, on account of the inexperience of the operators, as well as my struggling, in which I afforded infinite merriment to the old hag and her company—the pin not merely going through the outer skin, but tearing the flesh; and as the savages were drinking rum all the time, the whole assembly was soon intoxicated.

'Fortunately, at this moment an alarm was given that Logan was arrived, and had set fire to the town; my executioners fled, leaving me roasting, and the old hag and some others fast asleep. I did not let this opportunity slip me, but instantly disengaging my right arm, I untied myself with all haste. I then escaped into the town, whence I dashed into the woods, having only stayed just long enough to place some of the firebrands in a position to fire the cabin.

'When I perceived that I was not pursued, I looked back, and saw with great satisfaction the Indian town in flames. I continued my flight through the wilderness, chiefly by night, steering south-east, but was soon alarmed at the immediate danger I found myself in of starving, unprovided as I was with firearms.

'I penetrated at last through all difficulties to Augusta, where I was entertained with great humanity and civility by Justice Ray, and cured

of my wounds. So far am I from experiencing any great detriment from this Indian treatment, that I believe I have received a great benefit from it, as I have got entirely rid of a paralytic complaint, with which I had been for years afflicted in my left side, which was roasted.'

LESSON 42.

THE DISCOVERY OF GUNPOWDER.

chinks, cracks, openings
cru-ci-ble, pot for melting metals
in-ter-pret-ed, explained
is-sued, came out
league, union, alliance
re-search, inquiry, study
se-cre-cy, silence, privacy

at-trib-u-ted	**chem-is-try**	**phil-os-o-phy**	**sci-ence**
cau-tious-ly	**ex-per-i-ments**	**pur-su-ing**	**sul-phur**
char-coal	**in-de-pend-ent**	**salt-pe-tre**	**witch-craft**

A little more than 600 years ago, there lived a man in this country far ahead of his times in knowledge of science and philosophy. His name was Roger Bacon. He was a very learned man, well versed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. He taught in the University of Oxford, and wrote many books, which were not properly understood or valued until many years after his death.

He became a monk, and is sometimes known as Friar Bacon. Having studied chemistry and the art of healing, he was useful to the poor and the suffering. But the minds of the people of that age were so dark, that many of them attributed his knowledge and discoveries to the influence of evil spirits.

There is no doubt that the compound gunpowder, or something very much like it, was known in parts of the world before the time of Bacon ; but it is certain that he was the first in England to discover it by independent research. In carrying on his experiments and studies, he had to observe great secrecy, or he might have been put into prison for witchcraft. For this purpose he had two rooms or cells in the convent where he lived.

Into one of these, under the ground, he would permit no one to enter but himself; the other was where he received his pupils, or where his assistant prepared things for him. Many long days and nights did Roger Bacon spend in his secret cell, and many were the strange stories that were circulated about him. But he worked on in secret, pursuing his discoveries, which were destined to lead men to still deeper inquiry. He found out that three substances,—charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre,—mixed together in a certain way, produced a new substance, which had remarkable properties. This new compound would go off like lightning, with a noise like that of thunder. One day an explosion was heard in the cell, and the assistant came running from the other room to see what was the matter. His master met him at the door and said, 'Go back, go back! It is nothing that will harm you ; in good time you shall know all.'

Now this assistant, Hubert by name, was very curious to know what new thing the Friar had got in his cell. He watched for an opportunity to get into his master's room, but the good monk always locked the door on going in and coming out. Sometimes Hubert would peep through

the keyhole; and he would see his master poring over a book, or writing in one, or mixing something in a crucible over the fire. Once he saw him apply a light to something on a table; then there was a flash, followed by a roar, and a strange smell issued through the chinks of the door. He ran back to his own room in fear; but he became more curious than ever.

An opportunity soon afterwards arrived. His master was called away for a day to a neighbouring town to attend upon a sick man. Hubert went to peep through the keyhole as usual, when, in kneeling against the door, to his utter astonishment and delight, it gave way gently, and left the room exposed to his view. The Friar in his haste had failed to lock the door; the lock was shot, but the door had not been closed.

He looked round cautiously and more than half afraid, but he failed to see anything very wonderful. Numerous bottles and jars were lying about, but he had seen them before. An open book caught his eye. 'Ah! what is this? The very thing I wanted to know. So my master has found out something very wonderful, and written about it in Latin. Thanks to my master himself, I can read it, and so I will. Sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal! Why, they are all here, and the fire is not out. Why shouldn't Hubert make this wonderful mixture?'

So saying, the man carried his intention into practice, when suddenly a loud report was heard, the flames shot forth, and Hubert fell a lifeless corpse, while the whole convent was on fire. Roger Bacon returned just in time to witness the total destruction of the place. Rumours were

soon abroad that he was in league with Satan, and that he had contrived the ruin. He was thrown into prison, without being allowed to plead for himself. But in prison he pursued his studies, and wrote down his secrets in a form that was not interpreted until many years after.

After his release from prison he went back to Oxford, where he died in 1292, at the age of nearly fourscore years.

LESSON 43.

THE QUIET LITTLE MAN.

blithe, gay, merry
knaves, rascals
quoth, said
scep-tres, staff, royal power
tan, yellowish-brown
win-some, pleasant, merry

co-sy **ov-er-coat** **smi-ling** **twirled**

There was a little, very little,
Quiet little man,
He wore a little overcoat
The colour of the tan;
And when his weekly wage was earned,
On Saturday at night
He had but half-a-crown to spare
To keep his spirit light.
'But that,' quoth he, and twirled his thumb,
So blithe he was and free,
'Is quite enough for happiness
For a little man like me.'

And oft this little, very little,
Happy little man,
Would talk a little to himself
About the great world's plan:

'Though the people think me very poor,
  I feel I'm very glad,
And this I'm sure could scarcely be
  If I were very bad.
Rich knaves who cannot rest o' nights
  At every turn I see,
While cosy sleep unbidden comes
  To a quiet man like me.

'For though I'm little, very little,
  Do whate'er I can,
Yet every morning when I shave,
  I shave an honest man;
And every night when I go home,
  My winsome little wife
Receives me smiling at the door,
  And loves me more than life.
And this is joy that kings themselves,
  If thoughts were spoken free,
Might give their sceptres in exchange
  With a little man like me.

'And I've a little, quite a little,
  Bonnie little child,
A little maid with golden hair,
  And blue eyes bright and mild;
She sits and prattles on my knee,
  She's merry as a song,
She's pleasant as a ray of light,
  She keeps my heart from wrong.
And so let kingdoms rise and fall,
  I'll earn my daily fee,
And think the world is good enough
  For a little man like me.'

DR. MACKAY.

LESSON 44.

EYES AND NOSE.

ar-gued, reasoned	**dis-cern-ing**, judging
de-creed, judged, decided	**strad-dle**, distance between
de-signed, intended	**vis-age**, face

ar-gu-ment	**con-demn**	**e-qual-ly**	**sol-emn**
bal-ance	**coun-ten-ance**	**rea-son-ing**	**spec-tac-les**

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning;
While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

'In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship,' he said, 'will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.'

Then holding the Spectacles up to the court—
'Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

'Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or could, wear Spectacles then?

'On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.'

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
'That, whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight, Eyes should be shut!'

COWPER.



LESSON 45.

STORIES OF MUSICIANS.

I. HANDEL.

au-di-ence, hearers
cath-ed-ral, principal church
clav-i-chord, instrument like a piano
in-ter-ven-ing, coming between
ir-ri-ta-ble, easily provoked
or-ches-tra, where the musicians sit
pro-duc-tions, works
re-al-ised, accomplished
sti-ver, small coin

a-pol-o-gy **for-bade** **neigh-bour-ing** **prin-ci-pal**
en-gage-ment **in-stru-ment** **per-suad-ed** **pro-phet**

No name is better known in England—we might say in the whole world—among the lovers

of music than that of Handel. Although a German (being born in Saxony) by birth, he spent the greater part of his life in England. It was in England where his great productions were first and most successfully performed.

His father had intended him for the law, and wished to train him accordingly. As he had shown a strong inclination for music, his father forbade him strictly to touch any musical instrument, lest it should take his time and attention from his other studies. The child, however, managed to get hold of a clavichord, an instrument something like a small piano, which he hid in the garret. When the family were asleep, and at other times, he would steal away to the top of the house, and practise on the instrument in secret.

One day his father went on a visit to a relative who was in the service of a neighbouring duke. Young Handel ran on foot after the carriage for a long way, and begged so hard to be taken that his father lifted him in and agreed to take him. During their stay they often went to the church which the duke attended. One day after the service, when the people were nearly all gone, the few that were left, including the duke, were astonished by hearing the organ played. Looking round, they saw a little boy seated at the key-board. It was little Handel, who at this time was not quite eight years old. The attention of the duke was attracted; he made inquiries about the child, and persuaded the father to allow him to study music.

From that time he gave himself up to the study of music. He became a clever performer, d at nine years of age began to compose music

for the church service. Although so young, he composed a new service every week for three years running. Before he was fifteen he had composed three operas, which were performed many times in public. This brought him large sums of money, with which he was enabled to help his mother, who about this time was left a widow.

He came to England in 1710, when about twenty-five years of age. He died in 1759, nearly the whole of the intervening years having been spent in this country. The names of his principal compositions would fill more than a page of this book. He worked at his beloved art almost to the hour of his death. His last performance was on the 6th of April; just a week later he died.

There are numerous stories related of this famous composer and performer, two or three of which we shall here insert. It is a remarkable thing that after so long a residence in this country, he never succeeded in getting hold of the English language properly. His remarks are consequently given in his own style and language.

The Prince of Wales (afterwards George III.) when a child was fond of music, and was often taken to hear the performances of Handel. Seeing the young prince one day very attentive, Handel said, 'Ah! dat litel prince vill keep ub my music ven I am det and gone.' The musician was almost a prophet too, for when the boy became king he had Handel's music performed nearly every day.

It is said that he had not the best temper in the world, and that a very trifling matter would

put him into a great rage. Once he had engaged an Italian to sing several pieces during the evening concert. After his engagement the singer objected to one of the pieces, and asked Handel in a note to change it. The great musician, in a violent rage, rushed into the man's house, and shook the music in his face, saying, 'You tog! don't I know better as yourself vat you shall sing? If you vill not sing all de song vat I give you, I vill not bay you a stiver!' On another occasion he seized one of his lady-singers by the arm and shook her violently, threatening to throw her through the window, because she did not please him.

His nerves were so irritable that he could never bear to hear the tuning of instruments; so all the fiddles, and so on, were got ready before he came into the room at a concert. One evening a person played a practical joke upon Handel and his musicians. After the instruments had been tuned and placed ready for the concert, he got into the orchestra and untuned them all, without being noticed. As soon as Handel arrived, and gave the signal to commence, there was a most dreadful discord; every instrument was out of tune. This sent the great composer almost wild. He started up from his seat, kicked a double bass into pieces, and threw a kettle-drum at the leader of the band with such violence that he lost his wig. Walking bare-headed to the front, he was so choked with passion that he could not utter a word of apology to the audience. For some minutes he stood staring and stamping his feet, until the Prince of Wales, who was present, persuaded him to resume his position as conductor.

In 1741, while staying for a few days at Chester, he asked the organist of the cathedral to send him a man who could sing at sight, as he wished to prove some books which had been written for him. The organist picked out one of his best voices from the cathedral choir, and sent him to Handel. Giving him the bass part in one of the difficult choruses of the *Messiah*, he told the man to sing on. After several attempts the man failed completely. The musician got into a rage, abused the man in four or five different languages, finishing up in English by saying, 'You scountrel, tit you not dell me dat you could sing at soite?' 'Yes, sir,' said the poor man; 'and so I can, but not at *first sight*.'

Handel had an earnest desire that he might die on a Good Friday, as did his Saviour, in the hope that he might rise again at Easter to meet Him. It was on this day, Good Friday, that his greatest work, *The Messiah*, had been produced. His wish as to his death was realised: on Good Friday of the year 1759 he passed away.



LESSON 46.

STORIES OF MUSICIANS.

II. MOZART.

alms, relief
ban-ished, driven away
de-tect, find out
em-i-nent, high, distinguished
en-deav-oured, tried
ge-ni-us, taste, superior power
im-prov-i-dence, not taking care
or-a-tor-i-o, long piece of music with Scriptural words
prod-i-gies, wonders
se-ni-or, older in age
tour, journey



ben-e-fit **in-ter-fere**
com-plete-ly **or-ches-tra**
ded-i-cat-ed **pal-ace**
ex-per-i-ment **per-form-ance**
ex-treme **pro-gress**
in-stru-ment **pub-lish-ers**

Very early in life Mozart gave promise of a fine musical genius. His father was an eminent musician, and took charge of his children's musical education. Of seven children, however, only two grew up, Mozart, and a sister some five years his senior. It may be said that at two years of age he began to display a taste for music. While his sister was

having her lesson, he would listen with the deepest attention, and afterwards play a few of the notes, although he could scarcely reach the instrument.

His father began to give him regular lessons about a year afterwards, the lessons lasting from half-an-hour to an hour each day. So great was his progress, that before he was six he had composed pieces of music which astonished his father. He was at this age taken, along with his sister, by his father on a musical tour, and played at several of the courts of the German princes.

At Vienna the little boy was heard by the emperor; from there he went to Paris, where he performed on the organ before the king of France; and from there he was taken to London. An old bill announces that there will be given, 'for the benefit of Miss Mozart, of thirteen, and Master Mozart, of eight years of age, prodigies of nature, a concert of music, with all the overtures of this little boy's own composition.' During his residence in England he played before George III. and Queen Charlotte, and dedicated several pieces of music to their majesties, although but ten years old. After a tour through Holland, France, and Switzerland, he returned to his native town.

At seven years of age he taught himself to play the violin. He could play masterly on the piano and organ, and was soon an excellent player on the violin. The father and his children held private family concerts in their musical home at Saltzburg.

Here he played before the prince, who would not believe that the compositions were his own. His highness, therefore, with the consent of the

older Mozart, shut him up in a chamber of the palace for a week, giving him some blank music paper and the words of an oratorio, telling him to make some music to it, and then he would judge of him. No person was allowed to have any communication with him except the servant who took his meals. At the end of the week little Mozart came forth with his task so completely done that the doubts of the prince were banished, and the music was publicly performed in the church.

As a child his ear for music was so fine that he could detect the slightest mistake in any instrument out of a large orchestra. His extreme sensitiveness was almost a disease; he could scarcely endure the slightest discord. Until he was about ten he could not bear to hear the trumpet. His father, thinking this would interfere with his musical training, endeavoured to overcome it. One day he sent for a trumpeter and ordered him to perform in his son's room. The poor boy looked imploringly, but the father was firm. As soon as the trumpet was sounded little Mozart turned pale, and fell on the floor as in a faint. The experiment was never repeated; but in two or three years afterwards he quite overcame his terror of that instrument.

He settled in 1779, when twenty-three years of age, at Vienna, where he married, and where most of his remaining days were spent. He died in 1792, before he had reached the age of thirty-seven. Like those of Handel, his works are too numerous to mention here.

Although his compositions were very successful, and brought him plenty of money, he was seldom in good circumstances. Some people

say this was owing to his improvidence, but no doubt a great deal of it is accounted for by his generosity and kindness of heart. One day as he was walking in a street in Vienna he was asked for alms by a beggar. Something about the man impressed Mozart in his favour, but his purse was almost empty. 'Come with me,' he said to the mendicant, and taking him into a coffee-house, he sat down and composed a piece of music in a few minutes. 'Take that to my publisher,' said he, giving the man the proper address. The man took it, and to his surprise received from the publishers several gold coins, which they had considered the value of the composition.

Mozart would only work when he felt so inclined. Very often he did not finish his pieces until the very moment before their performance. At a concert given before the Emperor Joseph, he had put off writing out the part he played himself so long that he was obliged to play without the music. Putting a blank sheet of paper before him, no one would have known about it, had not the emperor noticed it, and said, 'Where is your part, Mozart? I see nothing but empty lines.' 'Here,' said the great musician, pointing to his forehead.

One of his best overtures was only composed the night before it was publicly performed. At eleven o'clock at night he asked his wife to tell him fairy tales to keep him awake while he wrote the music. Whenever she ceased talking he would fall asleep. This was repeated so many times that she persuaded him to go to sleep for an hour, at the end of which time she would wake him. He slept so soundly that she

allowed him to sleep two hours, awaking him at five in the morning. By seven the music copiers had arrived, but the overture was finished. Some musicians say they can tell exactly by it where Mozart fell asleep and where he awoke again.

LESSON 47.

STORIES OF MUSICIANS.

III. HAYDN.

ab-ruptly, suddenly, unexpectedly
com-mis-sioned, charged, ordered
con-ferred, bestowed, given
con-trived, put together
cus-tom-ar-y, usual
do-mes-tics, servants
ex-pelled, sent away, turned out
mel-o-dy, tune, air
or-gan-ist, player on the organ
strat-a-gem, trick, plan
tor-por, sleep
u-ni-form, of one kind

anx-ious-ly	**cart-wright**	**en-joy-ment**	**re-hear-sals**
ben-e-fact-or	**cath-ed-ral**	**fre-quent-ly**	**spec-i-men**
bom-bard-ment	**cir-cum-stance**	**prac-ti-cal**	**thread-bare**

Franz Joseph Haydn was born in 1732, at a village on the borders of Austria and Hungary. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father being a cartwright by trade, but so far a musician as to be able to play pretty well on the harp and organ. His mother had a good voice, and was very fond of singing to her husband's accompaniment. In their home on Sundays and saints' days the father and mother spent most of their hours in musical enjoyment, and little Franz would pretend to play with them on a sham fiddle. A cousin of the father, a school-

master at Hamburg, noticed the child's taste for music, and took him to his own home, where he educated him and taught him to play on several instruments.

When he was old enough he was placed among the choir boys of the cathedral at Vienna. He was required to practise two hours a day, but the boy was so anxious to excel that he frequently gave sixteen hours each day. He began to study composition, but had no one to instruct him, the only help being in the form of an old book which he bought at a second-hand book-stall.

He left the cathedral choir rather abruptly. Two accounts are given: one says that his voice having broken, his master told him his services were no longer required; the other, that Haydn having played a practical joke on another singer, by cutting off the tail of his wig, was expelled at a moment's notice. However that may be, he was found one evening in November in the streets, with not a coin in his pocket, and his clothes almost threadbare. A poor wig-maker took pity upon him, offered him a corner of his one room, and kept him for a while. In after years, when fortune smiled upon him, Haydn repaid this debt with good interest.

By taking pupils, and selling his compositions, Haydn soon rose from his poverty. He obtained a situation as violin player in one of the churches of Vienna, and also as organist in the private chapel of a nobleman. He afterwards entered the service of a German prince, in whose family he spent thirty years. The daughter of his old benefactor, the wig-maker, became his wife.

Not until 1791, when he was nearly sixty years old, did this great musician visit England.

By this time his fame had spread throughout the musical world. At Oxford he was honoured by having conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music. As it was customary on such occasions to send in a specimen of composition, Haydn sent in a piece of music so curiously contrived, that in whatever way it was read—from top to bottom, or from side to side—it produced a perfect melody and parts.

His stay in this country though short was brilliant, and he returned to Vienna with his pockets well lined, and his fame much increased. His habits of life were very simple and uniform. He was a most diligent student and worker, generally giving the mornings to practice and composition, and the evenings to rehearsals, which were taken in the palace of his employer.

He was a great admirer of Mozart, as indeed Mozart was of him. When Haydn was once asked who was the greatest composer living, he replied immediately, 'Mozart.' A German composer once finding fault with Haydn's music, Mozart said to him, 'If you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn.'

In 1809, when he was quite an old man, war broke out between Austria and France. Not a day passed but Haydn asked anxiously for news. Every now and then he would go to the piano, and sing with feeble voice his own beautiful hymn, 'God Preserve the Emperor.' On the 10th of May the French army had reached so near the city as to begin the bombardment of Vienna. Napoleon, out of respect for the great musician, placed a guard to protect his house; but the noise of the cannon and the bursting of

shells so terrified his domestics that they begged him to remove. As though conscious of divine protection, the old man replied, 'Why this terror? Where Haydn is, what is there to fear?' A few days afterwards, although very ill, he desired to be carried to his piano. He sang as loud as he was able, 'God Preserve the Emperor.' He then fell into a kind of torpor, from which he never recovered. Five days more, and Haydn was dead.

Perhaps the best portrait of this eminent musician is the one painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A singular story is told of the way in which it was obtained. While Haydn was in England, one of the royal princes commissioned Sir Joshua to paint his portrait. Haydn went to the painter's house, but got tired of sitting. After a little while his countenance would assume a wearied, almost stupid, look. The painter, who wished to do credit to himself and to his distinguished visitor, was then obliged to stop; it would never do to paint the greatest musician in Europe with a stupid, listless expression. This was continued from time to time, until the painter told the prince that he despaired of ever getting a good portrait of the great composer. His royal highness hit upon a stratagem which succeeded perfectly. He sent a young pretty German girl, who was in the queen's service, the next time Haydn went to the artist. She addressed the musician in his native language from time to time, while the painter went quietly on with his work. The countenance of the musician was lighted up with animation, and in the one sitting Sir Joshua was enabled to obtain the expression of features which he embodied in his portrait.

LESSON 48.

STORIES OF MUSICIANS.

IV. BEETHOVEN.

brief, short
cel-e-brat-ed, famous
dis-played, showed
es-ti-ma-tion, opinion
in-tem-per-ance, drunkenness
jest, joke
jour-nal, daily register
re-called, called back
slight, weak
son-a-tas, musical compositions
tu-i-tion, teaching
u-ten-sils, vessels, articles

ac-quaint-ance	**dan-ger-ous-ly**	**mis-chief**	**re-mov-al**
Beet-hov-en	**ge-ni-us**	**par-tial**	**sauce-pans**
civ-il-ised	**in-dig-nant**	**per-suad-ed**	**wrought**

This celebrated musician and composer was born at Bonn, a town on the Rhine, in the year 1770. His father was a singer in the chapel of the prince, but so much given to intemperance that the home of young Beethoven was not a happy one. He displayed in early life great musical talent, and attracted the attention of the prince, who placed him under the care of his organist to receive instruction. At eight years of age he was able to play the music of Bach, one of the most difficult of all composers. At ten he had written three sonatas, which showed a musical genius. He learnt to play the violin, so that he might be able to write the better for stringed instruments. When about fifteen he was appointed organist in the chapel of the prince.

In 1787 he paid a visit to Vienna, and made the acquaintance of Mozart; in fact, received

some lessons from him. His stay in the city was brief, as he was recalled to Bonn to his mother, who was dangerously ill. She died soon after, to the great grief of Beethoven, who loved her very dearly. After the death of his father, in 1792, he returned to Vienna, and settled there.

In this city he placed himself under the tuition of Haydn, of whom you read in the last lesson. The friendship between them was slight, however; so that when Haydn paid his second visit to England, two years after, Beethoven was very ready to choose another instructor. He continued to make steady progress, and had the satisfaction to see his works stand high in the estimation of the best judges.

From about thirty years of age to his death, in 1827, he suffered from partial, almost entire, loss of hearing. To a musician this must be almost as great a loss as want of sight to the painter. It cast a gloom over his life, and caused him much misery. He applied himself diligently to the composition of musical works, and produced a large number, which are known and admired throughout the civilised world.

Beethoven was very fond of removing, which practice has given rise to an amusing anecdote. On one occasion after a removal, a very important piece of music in many sheets was missing. Search was made in every corner, but it could not be found, and, as no copy of it was made, Beethoven was almost wild with rage. A few days afterwards it was found among the waste paper, and had been used to wrap up the saucepans, kettles, and other kitchen utensils.

There is no doubt that Beethoven was often

out of temper; but perhaps his increasing deafness had a great deal to do with it. In a journal which he kept, we read that in dismissing his cook he 'shied half-a-dozen books at her head.' Another time, he flung a dish full of stewed beef at the head of a waiter who had displeased him.

One more story about this celebrated composer shall conclude our stories of the great musicians. Beethoven was very fond of playing practical jokes both on friends and foes, but he was often extremely sorry if he wrought any mischief. A lady in Vienna, the wife of another musician, was very anxious to have a lock of Beethoven's hair. The friend through whom she made the request was himself inclined to play a joke upon the good woman, and so persuaded Beethoven to send her a lock from a goat's beard. Some time afterwards, when the lady was showing this to some friends, one of them, who had somehow got to know it, told her the real truth about it. The husband of the lady wrote an indignant letter to the composer, who was so ashamed that he wrote an ample apology, sent the lady a lock of his real hair, and refused to receive the visits of the man who had persuaded him to take part in the cruel jest.



LESSON 49.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

bod-ing, fearing evil
ed-dy, whirlwind
ha-los, bright circles
il-lumed, lighted up
in-cau-tious, not careful
jaunt, excursion
pim-per-nel, a plant having two sets of small leaves
pre-cip-i-tate, headlong
squal-id, filthy

al-tered	**glow-worm**	**rap-id**	**shep-herd**
glid-ing	**pierc-ing**	**rus-set**	**whirl-ing**

Dr. Jenner, the famous discoverer of vaccination, was invited to join an excursion into the country. Seeing various signs of bad weather, he excused himself from going in the following lines, sent to the friend who had invited him :—

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head ;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.

The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack !
Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine !
The busy flies disturb the kine.

Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er his whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch incautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.

At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest;
Though June, the air is cold and still;
The yellow blackbird's voice is shrill.

My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow;
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

DR. JENNER.



LESSON 50.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

ac-cents, words	**guests**, visitors
al-lured, drew, tempted	**re-mote**, far away
ang-uish, pain	**va-grant**, wandering, begging
copse, wood	**wile**, trick
fawn, cringe, flatter	

con-trol	**man-sion**	**re-proved**	**va-ry-ing**
dis-close	**prompt**	**spend-thrift**	**ven-er-a-ble**
en-dear-ment	**re-lieve**	**un-prac-tised**	**wretch-ed**

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields
were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned
to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all:
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to
raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile;

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

LESSON 51.

HONESTY REWARDED.

ad-dress, place of residence
an-nounc-ing, making known
cur-ate, clergyman
ex-haust-ed, used up, emptied
im-me-di-ate, present
liv-ing, situation

Der-by-shire **ed-u-ca-tion** **em-ploy-ment** **hon-est-y** **pos-si-ble** **prop-er-ty** **res-i-dence** **re-store**

Many years ago a poor curate in Derbyshire found a purse lying on the roadside; it contained a little silver and several pieces of gold. Just at that time the curate was in very needy circumstances. He had a wife and seven children to provide for out of an income of fifty pounds a year. His wife was for keeping the purse at once, and using the money to relieve their immediate wants. The good man, however, could not look upon the purse as his own until he had exhausted every possible means of finding out the owner. At length the owner was

discovered. The curate handed him his purse, and only received a 'thank you, sir,' the gentleman merely stopping to ask him his name and place of residence.

Not many months after this the curate received a letter, asking him to dine with a gentleman at a certain address. Upon arriving there he found the invitation came from the gentleman to whom he had restored the purse. While they were having dinner, the gentleman put fifty pounds into the curate's hand, telling him to use it for pressing needs, and that he had presented him with a living worth three hundred pounds a year.

A rich man was travelling through Edinburgh one day, when a poor little ragged boy asked him for alms. He put a small silver coin into the lad's hand, and told him to take a penny out of it and bring him back the change. The boy ran off as if to change the money, and the gentleman went off too, as he never dreamt the boy would return. The boy, however, did return, and waited and watched about the place for several days. About a week afterwards the gentleman passed through Edinburgh on his return journey to England. He had forgotten the circumstance of the coin, when a little ragged fellow came running up to him, and said, 'Here's your change, sir! One, two, three, four, five, and the penny you gave me I have had to spend.' The gentleman was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he provided a home for him, paid for his education, and started him in life.

A few years ago a rich farmer, who had been to the bank for a large sum of money in notes, had the misfortune to lose his pocket-book which

held them. It was picked up by a poor man who was wandering about the country in search of work. From a letter in the book he judged that it and its contents belonged to a person living about twenty miles from the place; he could also see that the notes were worth more than a thousand pounds. He started off at once to seek the rightful owner, and arrived, footsore and faint, just as the farmer was giving orders to send out bills announcing his loss, and offering a reward of a hundred pounds to any one who should restore his property. When he heard the man's story he was so pleased that he gave him employment on his farm, and a sum of *two* hundred pounds to put into the bank.

———o———

LESSON 52.

THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

af-fect-ed, moved
brand-ed, burnt in
cov-et-ed, longed for
guest, one entertained
hu-mane, kind, merciful
in-dig-nant, angry at wrong-doing
in-fa-my, vileness
nour-ish-ment, food
par-a-dise, heaven, beautiful place
re-com-pense, reward
soul, person
un-grate-ful, not thankful

ben-e-fact-ors **men-tioned** **pros-pered** **ship-wreck**
in-debt-ed **mis-for-tunes** **reas-on-a-ble** **vi-o-lent**

You will remember reading about Alexander the Great in the former part of this book. The following story concerns his father, Philip of Macedon; and as he died more than three hun-

dred years before Christ was born, you will see that this story happened a long time ago.

King Philip had in his army an officer who had shown great bravery, and who had won for himself a high place in the favour of the king. As he was going on a distant voyage,—that is, distant for those times,—the ship in which he sailed was overtaken by a storm not long after they had left port. The storm was so violent that the vessel became a complete wreck. Every soul on board was lost except the officer we have mentioned. Helpless, naked, and bleeding, he was cast on the shore, with scarcely a sign of life.

Near this place lived a kind and generous farmer, who had prospered in his business, and become the owner of a beautiful plot of ground, which he kept like a little paradise. Walking along the beach one morning, he saw the almost lifeless body of the officer. Not knowing who he was, but acting from a humane disposition, he lifted the body tenderly in his arms, and carried it to his own house. The man's wounds were dressed, nourishment was given, and he was placed in the best chamber. For forty days they watched over him, giving him of their best, until he recovered. Had they known he was a prince, the good farmer and his family could not have treated him with greater kindness.

When the officer had gained sufficient strength to return to his own home, he made known to his kind benefactors who he was, and promised to tell the king how indebted he had been to them in preserving his life. The farmer said he wished for no higher reward than his conscience ıpplied in knowing that he had rendered a

good deed to a fellow creature. He then supplied his guest with sufficient money to pursue his journey, and wished him good-bye.

When he reached the court of Philip, he presented himself at once before the king. The king was astonished but delighted to see him, as he had given him up for lost. The officer then told the story of the shipwreck, but never mentioned the kindness he had received from the farmer and his family. If he had done nothing more than this, his conduct would have been bad enough; but he did much worse, as you shall hear.

The king was much affected by the story of his sufferings, and so pleased to have him restored to his army, that he offered to grant him any reasonable request as a recompense for his late misfortunes. The officer asked for the grant of certain lands, naming the little possessions of his preserver. He had looked with envy on the peaceful home of the farmer, and coveted its possession. The king, not thinking of any injustice, readily granted his request.

Armed with the authority of the king, the officer returned to the people who had treated him with such kindness, and repaid their care and attention by turning them out of house and home. But a bitter punishment was in store for him. The farmer, stung by such ingratitude and cruelty, wrote to the king and asked for justice. At first the king would not believe the contents of the letter; he could not conceive that any officer of his could possibly be guilty of such an act.

He caused inquiries to be made, and found the story of the man correct. Philip was then filled

with indignation and wrath against his officer. He commanded him at once to be seized and put in prison, took away all his property, and had these words branded on his forehead, 'The Ungrateful Guest.' The little possessions were given back to their rightful owner, and also a sum of money from the king; while the wicked officer carried to his grave the brand of infamy and disgrace.

LESSON 53.

MERCY.

at-tri-bute, quality, property	**scep-tre**, rod used by kings
mon-arch, king, sovereign	**sea-sons**, mingles with
plea, excuse	**strained**, drawn by force
ren-der, perform	**tem-por-al**, belonging to this life

com-pul-sion	**just-ice**	**might-i-est**	**sal-va-tion**
en-thron-ed	**maj-est-y**	**qual-i-ty**	**scep-tred**

The following lines are taken from Shakespeare's play *The Merchant of Venice*, Act 4, Scene 1. The place is a court of justice in Venice, presided over by the Duke. The principal characters are Antonio, a merchant; Shylock, a Jew; and Portia, a rich heiress. The merchant had borrowed some money from the Jew, and promised to return it at a certain time or forfeit 'a pound of flesh.' Not being able, through misfortune, to repay the money, the Jew demands his money or his bond, viz. the pound of flesh, cut from the body of the merchant. Portia, in disguise, dressed as a doctor of laws, pleads the cause of Antonio before the Duke.

She asks the Jew to be merciful, to which Shylock answers, 'On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.' Portia replies to him in the following lines on mercy:—

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.



LESSON 54.

STORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.

I. CHINA.

ex-port, article sent out
fron-tier, boundary
in-ac-ces-si-ble, not to be reached
in-ter-vals, distances between
pop-u-la-ted, peopled
rav-ines, gorges, deep hollows
re-li-a-ble, trustworthy
suite (pron. *sweet*), attendants
teem, swarm
treat-y, agreement

am-bas-sa-dor	**con-se-quence**	**for-eign-ers**	**per-plexed**
arch-i-tects	**con-tempt**	**har-nessed**	**re-gal**
con-ceive	**dig-ni-ty**	**lim-it-ed**	**veh-i-cle**

China is a very interesting country, but it is not until about thirty or forty years ago that we have been able to obtain much reliable information about it. The people lived very much to themselves, neither going to other countries nor allowing foreigners to live in their land. The consequence was that our knowledge of the country and the people was very limited, more so than that of any other large country in the world. In the year 1842, a treaty was concluded between Great Britain and China, by which five ports of the latter country were opened to foreign commerce. Since that time our intercourse with the Chinese has been continued and increased, and we have got to know much more about this wonderful country and people.

Fifty years ago it was calculated that the people of China numbered more than 350 millions. It is almost impossible to conceive

the idea of such vast numbers. It would represent more than one-fourth of all the people in the world. It would be more than all the people in Europe put together. And yet, if you look at the map, you will see that it is not the largest country in the world. China Proper, where most of the people dwell, is very thickly populated. Its towns and villages teem with inhabitants; even the rivers are the homes of great multitudes, who are born, live, and die upon the water.

We remember China principally, no doubt, by its *tea;* and this is the chief export concerned in the foreign trade. Great Britain alone receives from China more than 70,000,000 lbs. of tea every year. They say that the best kinds of tea grow on the tops of rocks which are inaccessible to man, but are easily climbed by monkeys. When the tea-plant is ripe for gathering, the tea-gatherers drive a number of monkeys to the rocks, and then pretend to pelt them with stones. The monkeys in their turn tear up the shrubs and plants to return the fire, and in this way the heights are soon cleared of their treasures. The men then quietly pick up the tea-plants and take them away to be prepared for the market.

You may have heard, too, of the Great Wall of China. This is indeed a wonderful piece of work, although not of much real value. It extends along the northern frontier of the country for a distance of 1200 to 1500 miles, and was built more than two thousand years ago, to keep out the Tartars. There must have been skilled workmen and clever architects in those days. The height of the wall varies from ten to thirty feet. It is wide enough to permit carriages to

drive along it, has forts at intervals for its defence, and is said to contain bricks and stones enough to build a wall six feet high all round the world. In some places it crosses rivers and ravines, and has to be built on immense arches. A great deal of it is now in ruins. It was not effectual in keeping out the Tartars, for this fierce people invaded the country and conquered it, and many of the emperors of China for the last two centuries have been of the Tartar race.



Painting and the fine arts are not unknown, though most of the people are very poor. Their food is of the cheapest and coarsest sort. Their dishes would produce disgust to any English mind. Not unfrequently they eat mice

and rats, and a favourite dish among the poorest is dog-stew or kitten-stew. In the houses of the wealthy you would be perplexed by the number of dishes at a meal. At dinner, for instance, it is not uncommon to be invited to partake of some fifty different dishes. Just a little taste of a large number is considered the proper thing to do. The Chinese use chop-sticks instead of knives and forks.

The first ambassador from this country to China was Lord Macartney, who was sent in 1788. Among the presents he took for the emperor was a state coach, the personal gift of the king, George III. The coach reached the country in safety, and was duly handed over to his majesty. Now, as such a carriage had never been seen in the country before, it rather puzzled the emperor and his suite how it should be used. It was evident that there were seats inside and outside, but which should be occupied by the coachman and which by the emperor was not very clear. So a cabinet council was called to settle the matter. As the hammer-cloth was very splendid, and the driver's box most elevated, and evidently went foremost, it was decided that the outside seat was meant for the emperor. The other two seats on the box were given to those whom the king most delighted to honour, viz. the right hand to the First Lord of the Treasury, and the left hand to the chief jester.

When the horses had been harnessed, and all was ready for a regal procession through the streets of the capital, the emperor and his two favoured ones mounted the box, with all the dignity of ascending the throne. Just at that moment the coachman, who had been properly

instructed by the English visitors, looked up in amazement, and asked where he was to sit. A few of the nobility standing by immediately seized him, opened the carriage door, and kicked him into the inside, telling him to sit where he could. The man, who had all the carriage to himself, called out for the reins, which were thrown to him in contempt. By a little management he contrived to hold the reins through the window, and in this way drove through the streets of Pekin.

The emperor got such a shaking in his journey that he vowed he would never mount the vehicle again. He also felt so thankful that he had escaped without a broken neck that he ordered a public thanksgiving in the city.

——o——

LESSON 55.

STORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.

II. SIAM.

ab-so-lute, without control
can-o-py, covering over the head
con-clude, decide, infer
de-ceased, dead person
de-mean-our, behaviour
dis-mant-led, stripped
per-quis-ites, gains
pre-mi-er, chief minister
pros-trate, flat, at length
ser-vil-i-ty, mean submission
sol-em-ni-ties, solemn proceedings
ven-er-a-tion, highest respect

bier	**el-e-phant**	**in-hab-i-tants**	**priv-i-leged**
by-stand-ers	**Eu-ro-pe-an**	**jes-sa-mine**	**pros-per-ous**
dis-trib-ute	**gov-ern-ment**	**prin-ci-pal**	**whis-per**

The inhabitants of this country call their land by a name which means 'the kingdom of

the free,' and not Siam, which in the Malay language means 'the brown race.' Bangkok, the capital, is sometimes called the Venice of the East, from which you would rightly conclude that it has canals for its streets, and the principal means of communication is by water. Most of its inhabitants live and labour on the water.

The elephant is seen in this country in its perfection. It here attains great size, and is commonly used as a beast of burden. The famous white elephant is found occasionally, and kept as a sacred animal in the royal courts. It is not exactly white, as sometimes stated, but more of a brownish yellow. The more of these animals the king possesses at one time, the more prosperous is the nation thought to be. They are looked upon as the habitation of souls in a high degree of perfection, and are on this account regarded with veneration.

In Siam every man above twenty years of age, with some few exceptions, is obliged to render fours months' service every year to the king. The government is so absolute and severe that the nation is little removed from a condition of slavery. This tends to create a servility of manners which is noticeable to every European visitor. One writer says: 'If he is invited to the house of a great man—a royal minister of the fourth or fifth rank—he finds him seated cross-legged on a mat or carpet at the upper end of the room, and those who are privileged to sit in his presence arranged at proper distances according to their rank, while the attendants lie prostrate on the ground, resting on their elbows and knees. If he speaks to them, they raise their heads a little, folding their

hands together before their faces, and without daring to lift their eyes, they answer in a whisper; if they are ordered to bring refreshments, they crawl in on their elbows and toes, shoving the dishes before them as they can. In short, crawling upon all fours is the universal ceremonial of Siam. The premier crawls into the presence of his sovereign, the secretary crawls before the premier with his black paper-slate and pencil, the messenger crawls before the secretary, and the servant crawls before the messenger. One might imagine these distant Asiatics a species of human crab, especially as they crawl equally well both forward and backward, always keeping what seems the head steadily directed towards the liege lord for the time being.'

The Siamese attach great importance to their funeral ceremonies, and adopt the practice of burning the dead body. A gentleman who visited the country in 1823 thus described a funeral which he witnessed:—'The coffin and bier together were at least seven feet high. The bier was covered with white cloth, and a white canopy, ornamented with fresh jessamine flowers, surmounted the richly-gilded coffin. The first ceremony was the reading of passages from the sacred books, during which the place was crowded with priests of all ages, who appeared to pay no attention whatever to the religious solemnities, but flocked around our party, exhibiting the greatest curiosity and familiarity. The reading being over, the priests dismantled the coffin and bier, the cloths being their own perquisites; and the body was washed by one of the secular attendants. The demeanour of

the relatives was grave and quiet; no expression of grief escaped from any of them, except one, who might well be called the chief mourner. She was the favourite daughter of the deceased; dressed in mourning,—that is, in white,—with her head shaved, and apparently in real distress, weeping bitterly at the sight of the corpse. The bier was now covered with wet earth, on which a heap of dry fuel was laid. The body was replaced in the coffin, and carried three times round the pile by the male relatives of the deceased, followed by the favourite daughter, uttering loud lamentations. It was then placed on the pile, numbers of wax-tapers and incense-rods were distributed to the bystanders, and a priest, uttering a prayer, put the first light to the wood. The rest followed, and ourselves among the number, for we had been offered tapers, and invited to join in the ceremony. As soon as the first flame ascended, the daughter began to distribute money among the aged females belonging to the establishment. Meanwhile the male relations, standing on each side of the pile, tied part of their clothes in a bundle, and tossed them over it six times, taking care not to let them fall to the ground. We could not learn the meaning of this strange performance, but it closed the ceremony.'

There are two kings at one time in the country, the second one generally being a near relative of the head king. In all treaties the names of both kings are introduced, as though they were of equal rank.

LESSON 56.

STORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.

III. JAPAN.

cos-tume, dress
na-vies, ships of war
pound-ing, beating, bruising
re-cent-ly, lately
re-sourc-es, supplies
se-dan, a covered chair
sole, only, alone
sub-sist-ence, livelihood, support

au-thor-i-ty	**fur-nace**	**pe-cu-li-ar**	**rev-o-lu-tion**
con-trol	**Jap-an-ese**	**pen-al-ty**	**skil-ful**
feu-dal	**ma-chin-er-y**	**pre-cious**	**Ty-coon**

Like China, Japan was almost unknown to Europeans until very recently. Its people held no intercourse with foreign nations, or very little indeed, until an American fleet cast anchor in one of its bays in 1854. Four years later, in 1858, a treaty of commerce was concluded with England, and from that time a constant communication with the ports of Britain and other European countries has been kept up. A few particulars about this interesting country and its people will not be out of place in a book like this.

Japan consists of a large group of islands to the east of the continent of Asia, the largest by far being Niphon. Altogether the area is a little over 150,000 square miles, or, in other words, one-fourth larger than the British Islands. This territory—three times as large as England—is rich in mineral produce. The precious metals, as well as copper, iron, and coal, are

largely distributed, and it only requires skill and machinery to raise them in sufficient quantities for exportation. The climate, although subject to extremes of heat and cold, is generally healthy and well suited to Europeans.

A great change has taken place in the government of Japan during the last few years, and this has done much to introduce Western civilisation into the country. Previous to the year 1869, Japan was ruled by two sovereigns, one called the *Mikado*, and another called the *Shogun* or *Tycoon*. The latter was assisted by a number of native princes and landholders, some of whom had little armies and navies of their own, and were very much like the lords of the old feudal period in Europe. The authority of the country was thus divided, and its progress continually interfered with. A revolution broke out in 1868, and continued for two or three years. In 1871 a new government was established; the *Mikado* was declared the sole head of the state, the office of *Tycoon* was abolished, and the princes were reduced to proper subjection and control.

Since that time Japan has adopted many of the inventions and arrangements of Western Europe, and in consequence has made rapid strides in civilisation. The Japanese have established schools and colleges, and invited from England and America professors of various arts and sciences. The English language is taught, and British workmen are employed on their railways and in their mines.

There cannot be less than 35,000,000 of people in Japan. For the most part they are skilful and industrious. Many of them are engaged in the cultivation of the soil, the produce of which

is their principal means of subsistence. As in India, rice is the chief article of food.

Their laws are very severe, death being the penalty for many crimes which Western nations would think light. For instance, a lie spoken before a magistrate, and playing for money, were at one time punishable by death.

The Japanese have many curious customs. We will conclude our brief sketch by naming two of them. First, a marriage ceremony. When everything has been prepared, the outfit of the bride, as well as any furniture she may have provided, is sent on to the house of the bridegroom. The bride then follows in a sort of sedan, borne by two men.

Arriving at the bridegroom's house, she finds an old man on one side of the door, and an old woman on the other, pounding rice cakes. 'May you live a thousand years!' says the old man; 'May you live ten thousand!' says the old woman; and the bride passes in. The two cakes are then mixed into one compound, out of which two other cakes are made, which are placed one upon the other in the room where the marriage will take place.

The bridegroom meets the bride in the entrance hall, and conducts her to the best room of the house, seating her between two of her lady attendants. Without any further waiting, the marriage ceremony, which merely consists in drinking rice spirit in a peculiar fashion, takes place. Bowls of this spirit are handed round by young girls, and when the couple have each drunk three times, they are married.

The burial of the Japanese is also singular. When a man dies he is dressed in out-door

costume. He is then laid on a mat in the hall, where he is offered food as though alive, and where his friends come to mourn over him. When carried to the grave, he is placed upon his knees as he is taken to the temple. If he has expressed a wish to be burnt, he is then carried to a furnace; if not, he is taken to the grave by relatives alone. During the days of mourning, his friends are expected to remain in their homes, to eat no animal food, to drink no rice spirit, to leave their nails uncut and their heads unshaven.

There is, no doubt, a great future for Japan. Its own resources, and the skill of its people, will be gradually developed under the guidance of men who have settled there from Europe and America.

LESSON 57.

STORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.

IV. ICELAND.

ac-quaint-ed, familiar
a-re-a, extent, space
bar-ren, unfruitful
brink, edge, margin
dis-cus-sion, debate, talk
e-rup-tion, violent breaking out
ex-haust-ed, finished, used up
hab-it-a-ble, fit for living in
in-mates, members of the family
vol-ca-noes, burning mountains

cir-cu-lat-ed	**grad-u-al-ly**	**in-ter-vals**	**po-lice-men**
fea-ture	**in-struct-or**	**neigh-bour**	**po-ta-toes**
gey-sers	**in-tel-li-gent**	**peace-a-ble**	**prin-ci-pal**

Leaving the hot countries of Asia, we will now go right away to another part of the world.

Sixteen hundred miles from Denmark, to which country it belongs, and situated in the North Atlantic Ocean, is the island of Iceland. It covers an area of 40,000 square miles,—that is, three times as large as Denmark itself,—but not one-half of it is habitable. Its population of 70,000 is scattered around the coast, chiefly on the south, the interior of the country being a wild, barren wilderness. There is no town with a population of more than 2000. For the most part the people live on small farms, each farm numbering from six to twenty inmates. The people there must feel very lonely, cut off as they are from every neighbouring country. The mail reaches them only seven times in the year, so that they are often weeks before hearing news from Europe. And yet this people is a very interesting one. A few facts about them and their country will not fail to please children of our own land.

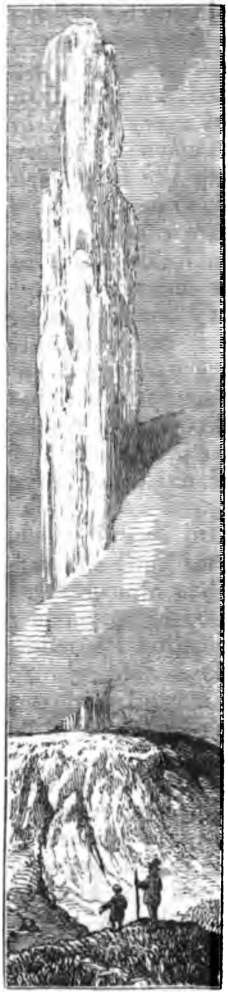
Fishing and the rearing of cattle are the principal employments of the people. Grain will not grow in its soil, neither can trees be cultivated ; a few patches of potatoes and cabbages are almost the only vegetables the island will produce. The inhabitants, therefore, depend for their chief means of support upon rearing live stock, and upon the cod and salmon which abound on its shores and in its rivers and lakes. And yet they are very contented and happy, saying that 'Iceland is the best land that the sun shines on.'

The Icelanders are a very intelligent people. There are but two schools on the island, and yet every person above ten years of age can write nd read well. Most of the children are taught

at home, the father being the instructor of his family. They are particularly fond of history; they know the history of their own country by heart, and are fairly acquainted with that of other nations. The contents of every book in any one house are generally known by every member of the family. During the long, dark evenings the father reads aloud, while the others are engaged in weaving or some other in-door occupation. A discussion then follows, and in this way the whole family is interested and instructed. They have not, of course, a large collection of books; but this is not a serious difficulty. When a peasant has exhausted his own stock of books, he exchanges them with his neighbour for *his* set; and in this way the books are circulated, until sometimes a family has had for its own use every book that exists within a circle of twenty miles.

An old law of the island still exists which prevents a woman from marrying until she can read; but for many years it has almost been forgotten, because there are no adult persons who are unable to read. Education has made them quiet, peaceable, and law-abiding. A gentleman who had lived in Iceland told the writer that there are only three policemen on the whole of the island.

Iceland is noted for its large number of volcanoes, more than twenty having been counted. But, perhaps, the most remarkable feature is the number of boiling springs, called geysers, which abound. The Great Geyser is a kind of mound formed of stones and rock. A better idea would be given if you think of it as a huge basin, which has been hollowed out by the action



of the water, some sixty feet wide, and five or six feet deep. At the bottom of the basin is a deep pit, like a pipe, through which the water is forced when it begins to boil. In the plain where the Great Geyser is situated are several smaller geysers, but they cannot be compared with the one we are describing.

The eruptions in this singular spring take place only at intervals of about forty hours. As the traveller stands on the brink of the basin he would never suspect that the quiet-looking waters beneath were ever disturbed. Suddenly he feels the ground tremble under him, and hears a noise as of distant thunder. Gradually the basin fills with water, and the guide gives directions for watching the coming eruption. In a little while the water begins to boil, to rise and sink, and to overflow. A loud report is heard, and then another, and presently the water shoots up in jets to the height of a hundred feet. This keeps on for a few minutes, and then the

waters cease, appearing to sink into the earth, for both basin and pipe are empty almost as far as you can see.

Close by is another boiling fountain, called Strokkur, which means in their language the *Churn*. When people are too late for the Great Geyser, or cannot wait long enough for an eruption, they turn to this smaller one, which will always boil *to order*. By throwing twenty or thirty sods into the basin it can be made to boil in about a quarter of an hour, but the jets are not nearly so high as those of the other.

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LESSON 58.

A FAIRY SONG.

elves, little spirits supposed to haunt woods and wild places
glide, pass gently
Mab, queen of the fairies
min-strel-sy, songs, music
mor-tals, human beings
un-es-pied, unseen

be-guile	**fair-y**	**mush-room**	**snor-ing**
dew-y	**gnat**	**pearl-y**	**trip-ping**

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow Mab your queen ;
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,

Unheard and unespied
Through the key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
The diet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

SHAKESPEARE.

LESSON 59.

THE CHAMELEON.

ac-qui-esce, agree
af-firm, declare
cham-e-le-on, an animal that can change its colour
pert-er, more saucy
poth-er, confusion
spark, a gay man
trip-le, three parts

de-ci-sion	**judg-ment**	**pre-fers**	**rep-tile**
dis-coursed	**lei-sure**	**re-ferred**	**um-pire**

Oft hath it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen;
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen, and sure I ought to know.'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matters,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
'A stranger animal,' cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,

Its foot with triple claws disjoin'd;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?'

'Hold here,' the other quick replies;
''Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food.'

'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast survey'd,
Extended in the cooling shade.'

''Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green!' cries the other in a fury;
'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
''Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd,
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
I mark'd it well, 'twas black as jet;
You stare, but, sirs, I've got it yet,

And can produce it.' 'Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile you'll pronounce him green.'

'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'

He said, and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and, lo! 'twas white.
Both stared, the man look'd wondrous wise.
'My children,' the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
'You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

JAMES MERRICK. Born 1720, died 1769.



LESSON 60.

STORIES FROM OUR WORKROOM.

I.

climes, countries	prac-tic-al, useful, sensible
hailed, greeted	prob-ab-ly, likely
ob-ser-va-tion, taking notice	re-quest, desire

a-gree-a-ble	**ig-nor-ant**	**scis-sors**
dis-tinct-ly	**pin-a-fore**	**sen-si-ble**
fa-vour-ite	**pleas-ant-ly**	**wo-man-hood**

When we were girls, my two sisters and myself, we had a little room set apart for our use, which we called our workroom. It was distinctly understood that in this room it should be 'all work and no play' with us. We certainly did work hard in it, for all our lessons were prepared there, and it was in this same room that we were taught to cut out and make our own clothes.



Like many other girls, we thought it a great hardship sometimes that we should be required to do needlework in addition to our school work. But our mother was too sensible to allow us to grow up ignorant of the common duties which would fall to our lot when we grew older. Now we have grown into womanhood, we can see how right it was that we were made to learn how to use that wonderful little instrument called a needle.

In spite of all our labour in it, our recollections of this little room are most agreeable.

Mother always sat with us during sewing-time, and, on the understanding that we worked while she talked, would often make the time pass pleasantly by telling us stories.

Sometimes our tiny brother Willie was allowed to come in for a short time. He had generally some funny request to make. He wanted a pinafore made for the kitten, or a pair of trousers for the dog. He once got possession of the scissors, and before we discovered the fact, had cut numerous little holes in his pinafore, with a view to making it 'look like pretty lace.'

One morning mother brought in a letter from her eldest sister, our favourite aunt, announcing that she was coming to spend the winter with us. We hailed this information with delight, for we knew she would be our constant companion in the workroom, and that we should hear much from her that would interest and instruct us.

Aunt Mary was a captain's wife, and in her younger days had sailed with her husband to many distant climes. The amount of information she had gathered with respect to the different countries and their inhabitants was something

wonderful. We girls regarded her as the most wonderful woman in the world, and imagined that she could tell us all we wished to know.

But Aunt Mary was one of those practical people who did not believe in girls spending their time in hearing simple book-stories merely, so that whatever she told us was with a view to its being of some practical use to us when we were older. During her stay with us, we learnt more about the people and productions of foreign countries than we should have gathered in learning our ordinary geography lessons.

But what pleased us most, and doubled our interest in our needlework and cooking, was, that she told us all about our food and clothing in its original state.

Since we have found it such a great advantage to know all aunt told us about these things, we decided to tell them to other girls, and it fell to my lot to write them.

Now, this is the *first* 'Story from our Workroom.' There is not much practical information in it, but yet you may learn several lessons from it. You will see, in the first place, that it is quite possible for work to be made a pleasure as well as a duty. Then you will agree with me that very much may be learnt by observation, and by attentive listening to those whose experience of life and things is much greater than our own. You see Aunt Mary had learnt much by *observing*, and we by *listening*. Lastly, you will see the great advantage of gaining all the knowledge you can while you are young. Had we girls thought, 'Oh! we can read about all these things when we are grown up,' we should probably never have troubled about them at all.

But this story must draw to a close, in the hope that those which follow may be of as much use to hundreds of other girls as they have been to the three who heard them from Aunt Mary in Our Workroom.

E. M. G.

——o——

LESSON 61.

STORIES FROM OUR WORKROOM.

II.

ab-sorbed, engaged, taken up
ap-pealed, referred, asked
com-ment-ed, remarked
sel-vage, border, edge
test-ed, tried
treach-er-ous, false, betraying

an-noy-ing **ar-riv-al** **cal-i-coes** **e-con-o-my** **flan-nel** **fur-ni-ture** **pur-chas-es** **spec-i-mens**

The week before Aunt Mary's arrival we went out 'shopping' with mother—buying calico and flannel enough to stock us all with underclothing. Mother had often talked to us about choosing articles of clothing, but this was the first time she had allowed us to take any part in actually selecting it when in the shop. I need not tell my young friends who read this how very important we felt upon this occasion. There was no need of high heels to our boots to make us feel an inch taller, now that we could be appealed to for our opinion, and show our judgment in making purchases.

The calicoes were first reached down for our inspection. I took upon myself to rub a corner

of each piece in my hands to see if it was free from 'dress,' while Gertie examined the selvages to see if they were strong and even, and Ethel commented upon the width of the calicoes, with a view to economy in cutting out. We were so deeply absorbed in what we were doing, that it was some time before we discovered the amusement that mother and the salesman were having at our expense. We made choice of a *good* calico, as we had so often heard mother remark that it was no economy to buy a *poor* thing of any description, whether furniture, food, or clothing.

Then came the *flannels*. The salesman was most obliging, and reached down specimens of all makes and prices. There were Saxony, Welsh, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and *imitation* Welsh, in such variety that our ability to choose the right one was severely tested. However, after taking out a few threads from the end, and examining each piece carefully to see that it was 'all wool,' we decided upon a *real* Welsh for best, and an imitation Welsh for common wear. They both looked blue, but we knew they would wash white, and then keep a better colour than those which looked white when new.

We required some coloured shirting material for the boys, and prints for morning dresses for ourselves, but we knew it would not be wise to purchase them before taking pieces home to see if they would wash. A few patterns were accordingly cut off, and we put them to a soap-and-water test at home. It must be very annoying to buy a pretty print dress, and find all the colour gone when it has been washed a few times. It is better to test it yourself before pur-

chasing, for it is so seldom the drapers know that their goods 'won't wash.'

To complete our purchases for the day, we bought a stock of cottons, tapes, buttons, and needles, and then went home, highly delighted with our first day's real shopping.

Mother declared she began to feel quite an old woman, now she had three girls old enough to do what she had always had to do for them before. But we took care she should not grow old so soon as she expected, for we made it our highest duty and pleasure to relieve her of all the care we could, now that we were old enough to do for ourselves so much that had cost her years of thought and toil while we were little.

Our parcel arrived home during the evening, and the next three-days were spent in cutting out and fixing our work, under mother's guidance.

We were anxious to have all this done before aunt arrived, for we knew she would have so much to say that would interest us, that we wished to have as little confusion as possible.

We were much pleased with our purchases when we came to cut them out. The calico was so smooth and even that it tore straight, and so free from 'dress' that we were not covered with white dust after tearing it. The flannel was beautifully soft; but, alas! for some of the pretty patterns we brought home. The lilac stood true to its colour, so did the pink; but the violet, the blue, and the mauve proved as treacherous as false friends. So you see, girls, it is necessary to be careful in choosing a dress as well as in choosing a friend. It is not pretty colours or shades that will give us a lasting,

serviceable dress ; nor pretty faces, fine clothes, and smooth words that will of themselves give us a friend worth having. We must take care to choose dresses of 'fast colours,' and friends of 'sound principles,' whose truth, and honour, and friendship will bear a good sound testing *without losing their colour.*

E. M. G.

—o—

LESSON 62.

STORIES FROM OUR WORKROOM.

III.

ad-here, stick
car-go, load
des-tin-a-tion, journey's end
grat-i-fied, pleased, granted
in-flam-ma-ble, easily kindled
pre-cau-tion, care beforehand
re-cent-ly, lately

ac-com-plish-ments	**do-mes-ti-cate**	**pro-cess-es**
ad-ven-tures	**man-u-fac-tured**	**res-i-dence**
com-mod-i-ty	**oc-cu-pied**	**Roch-dale**

The first few weeks of Aunt Mary's visit we were occupied each evening in making up the calico we had purchased and cut out. Aunt was pleased to find we were becoming so practical and domesticated. She used to say, 'It is very well for girls to learn mathematics, and music, and painting, and a host of other accomplishments; but if they cannot cook a dinner and mend their clothes as well, I consider their education very incomplete.'

But now for some of aunt's pleasant stories. 'Now, my dear girls, as you are all so much engaged in working calico just now, I think it

would interest you to hear of some of my voyages to, and adventures in, the lands where cotton grows.'

We were all delighted with the proposition, and felt sure we should stitch twice as fast while Aunt Mary was talking. Little Willie promised to be very good if allowed to remain in the room, and this small favour was granted him. We all settled down to our work, and then aunt began her story.

'About six years ago, I went a voyage in the *Queen Bess*, a fine sailing vessel, of which your Uncle Edward was at that time captain. I will not spend time in telling you all about the ship, as you have so recently heard all about uncle's new ship *The Victoria*, which is very much like the *Queen Bess*. Our outward cargo consisted of manufactured goods of all descriptions, but more especially cotton goods, and we were to bring home an entire cargo of raw cotton. You will almost guess to where our good ship was bound, now you know what we were to bring home. Though cotton is grown to some extent in India, Egypt, and Brazil, the largest plantations are in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; and these states were our destination.

'I need not tell you all our adventures from the time we sailed from Liverpool until we landed on the American coast,—how our floating residence was made happy by the perfect good-will of all on board, the hearty good-nature of the sailors, and the numerous tossings and tumblings we received, much against our inclination.

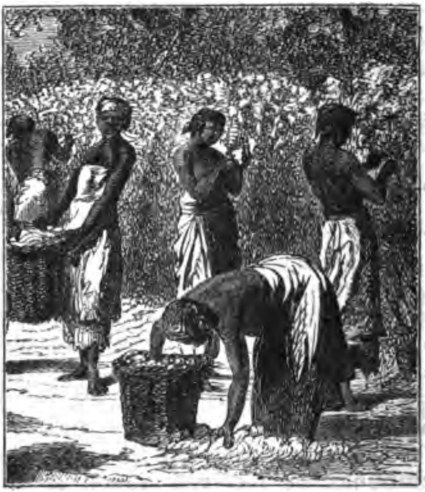
'When we landed on the other side of the broad Atlantic, my great anxiety was to see

cotton plantation, and it was not long before my wish was gratified. Cotton, as you know, is the produce of a shrub which grows about twenty inches high. The shrub flowers in due season, and the flowers are followed by a pod, which bursts when ripe, and exposes the cotton it contains.



THE COTTON POD.

'When the weather is warm and dry the cotton is gathered; the little seeds which adhere to it are picked out, and it is then packed in large bales ready for shipping.



'We saw lots of little black boys, not much igger than Willie, helping in the cotton-fields.

Time was when slavery held its sway here, and little children were taken from their parents and sold; but such is not the case now.

'We had to take every precaution on the voyage home in order to avoid damp and fire. Had the cotton been allowed to get damp, it would have become rotten, and would have lost much of its original value. You can well imagine how serious the consequences of such an inflammable cargo taking fire would have been. But we arrived safely home, and our cargo was landed in the great "cotton port," and no doubt was soon in the hands of some of the manufacturers in the cotton district of South-East Lancashire, with its large and thickly-populated towns of Manchester, Blackburn, Bolton, Wigan, Rochdale, and Oldham. If you should live near one of these towns, it would be well worth your while to pay a visit to one of the cotton factories, and see for yourselves how the raw material we brought home was converted into the useful commodity you are now using. It is deeply interesting to watch the various processes it undergoes—sorting, cleaning, carding, spinning, and weaving. But our time is gone, and we must put by our work and cease our talking.'

Willie had behaved exceedingly well, but next morning we found him in the garden *sowing* —not *sewing*. He was sowing two of our reels of cotton, in the hope they would grow, and then he would make himself black to gather the cotton which grew, and then *spin* it on his top to make calico for us to sew.

E. M. G.

LESSON 63.

STORIES FROM OUR WORKROOM.

IV.

Ad-e-laide, capital of South Australia	**prob-a-ble,** likely
con-vert-ed, changed	**re-nown,** fame, reputation
em-i-grate, leave one country to settle in another	**sheared,** cut or clipped
	sta-ple, principal

at-ten-tive-ly	**ex-haust-ed**	**man-u-fac-ture**
col-o-nies	**flan-nel**	**pleas-ant-ly**
en-cour-age-ment	**in-dus-tri-ous**	**wool-len**

We were so industrious while aunt's pleasant tales were being told, that we soon exhausted our supply of calico, and then set to work in earnest upon the flannel and shirting materials we had purchased. Ethel was anxious to know all about the wool from which the flannel was made. As Aunt Mary had been in Germany, Cape Colony, and Australia, from which countries our chief supply of wool is obtained, we listened very attentively to an account of her visit to Australia.

'I have no doubt, girls,' said aunt, 'that you have heard or read much about Australia. You will have heard how the discovery of gold there led numbers of people to emigrate from our own country, and how rapidly its colonies sprung up and grew to great importance. But I must not spend the time in giving you the history of this vast continent. It will suffice if I say that as the interior was cleared it was

found to afford fine scope for sheep and cattle farming, which now form the staple industry of the colonists.

'We went out in the *St. Vincent*, and after a very pleasant voyage we landed at the fine port of Adelaide. As it would take about three months to unload and take in a fresh cargo, I took the opportunity of going some miles up the country with a friend to see a sheep station. The one we visited was a very large one, having about 100,000 sheep distributed in flocks over its wide area. We were just in time to see the sheep-washing. This is a most important part of the business on a farm or "station." If the sheep are not properly washed the wool is oily when sheared, and will not fetch so good a price in the market. As our home cargo was to be of wool, I was glad to have had the chance of knowing something of its preparation previous to its being packed in the large bags ready for shipping.

'As we sailed home I often thought of the many changes our cargo must undergo before it became converted into the many warm and comfortable articles of clothing which come under the term "woollen goods," and of which *flannel* is not the least important.

'You know so much about the West Riding of Yorkshire, with Leeds as its busy centre, that I scarcely need say a word about this chief seat of the woollen manufacture. Nor need I remind you of Frome, Stroud, and Trowbridge, of West-of-England cloth renown; or Welshpool, Newtown, and Llanidloes, in one of which it is very probable the flannel you are now sewing was manufactured.'

Such was aunt's story while we were herring-boning the seams of our petticoats. We had kept our eyes and attention so closely fixed upon our work, that it was really well done, and we received great praise for it.

Father had taken us to Ireland for our summer holiday, so that we were able to tell aunt all about the field of *flax* we had seen, with its pretty blue flowers. She was pleased to find we had noticed that *linen* was made from the *stem* of the flax-plant, which is grown largely in Ireland, France, and Russia.

We had each wished very much that the time would arrive when we might wear a silk dress, and our interest in the rearing of silkworms and silk weaving quite astonished aunt. You see silk dresses were very much more expensive when she was a girl, and I daresay the thought of having one never entered her head then.

Aunt was just telling us about the cold Arctic regions, where the principal fur-bearing animals are found, when little Willie rushed into the room to inquire if *leather* grew on a tree like cotton, because if it did he would set his shoe in the garden by the cotton reels. He seemed much surprised to find that his shoes were made from the skins of the cow and calf. He supposed it would not hurt the cow if he whipped it, because it was covered with leather. We succeeded in making him understand that the skins were not leather until they had been taken from the animals and *tanned* in the large pits he had seen in the tan-yard.

The time passed so pleasantly, that our work was all finished, and ready to put into our drawers, much sooner than we had expected.

There is nothing like cheerful company for making you work well, eat well, or play well. With a good will of our own, and the encouragement of a cheerful companion, tasks become pleasures, and wonders may be accomplished.

E. M. G.

LESSON 64.

PEGGY'S WASHING-DAY STORY.

bron-chi-tis, inflammation of the air-tubes that lead to the lungs
com-ments, remarks
croup, a disease very fatal to children
in-dig-nant, angry
laun-dress-es, washer-women
rheu-ma-tism, a painful disease affecting the muscles and joints

break-fast	**im-ag-ine**	**mus-lin**	**pos-sessed**
daw-dle	**i-ron-ing**	**pa-tience**	**sug-gest-ed**

Peggy was a faithful old servant, who had done her duty in our family for twenty years. She was a first-rate plain cook, but her great pride was the manner in which she could wash and get up the linen.

As Peggy grew older, mother thought it too much for her to do the washing, and suggested that it should be 'sent out.' However, she was so indignant at the idea, that mother thought it better to let her have her own way in the matter; and so Peggy went on washing to her heart's content.

'No, no!' she said; 'it is not likely I shall let the linen go out to be spoiled, after taking care of it all these years. You see the washing is not half the trouble people imagine, if they

would only do it the right way. But many people never think of washing-day till it comes. Instead of having the clothes mended and put in soak the day before, and getting up a couple of hours earlier on washing-day, they come creeping down ever so late, and then begin to sort out the clothes for the wash.

'But you see half the dirt is out of the clothes when I put them well in soak the day before; and by getting up earlier, I can have a good lineful of clothes hanging out to dry by breakfast-time. Then, while the boiling is going on, I begin to fold the dry clothes, instead of *waiting* till those in the copper are ready for finishing. I have no patience with servants who dawdle over the washing, and make a day's work last them two or three days. Then, dear me, what a fuss some people make about the starching and ironing! They dry all the "starch things," spend a lot of time in making boiling starch for them, then dry them again, and damp and fold them ready for ironing. What a lot of trouble they might have saved themselves had they used *cold-water starch!* The clothes would not have needed drying either before or after starching, because they could have been ironed while wet with the starch.'

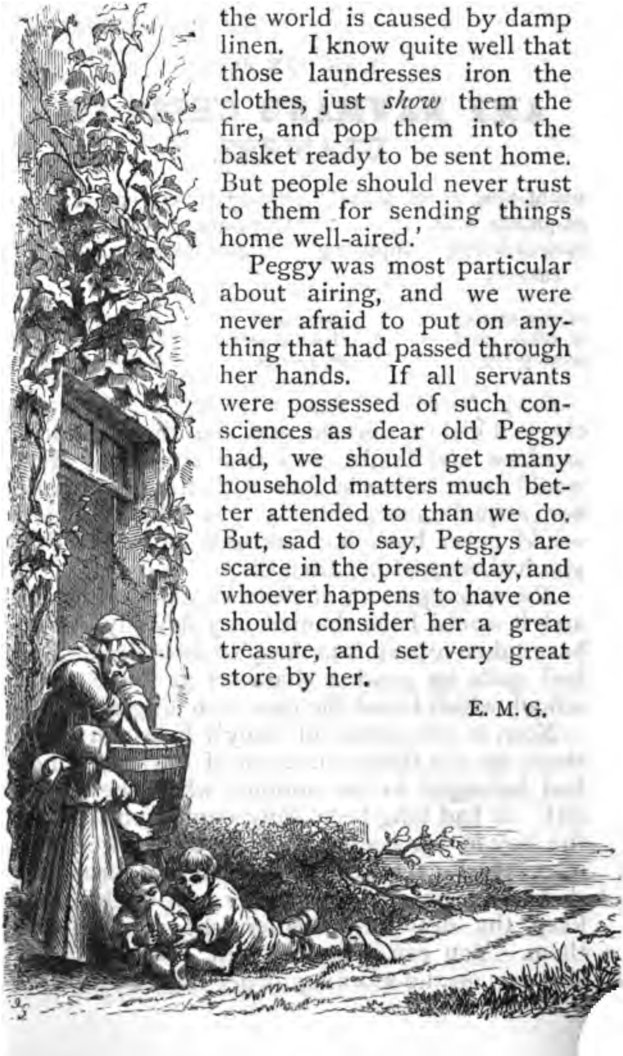
Peggy was always very proud of our muslin dresses, and if ever we wanted one in a hurry, she would wash it, starch it in cold-water starch, and have it ready for wear in about two hours, looking almost new.

You should have heard Peggy's comments on *airing* the linen after the wash. 'It strikes me,' she used to say, 'that half the croup, ronchitis, inflammation, and rheumatism of

the world is caused by damp linen. I know quite well that those laundresses iron the clothes, just *show* them the fire, and pop them into the basket ready to be sent home. But people should never trust to them for sending things home well-aired.'

Peggy was most particular about airing, and we were never afraid to put on anything that had passed through her hands. If all servants were possessed of such consciences as dear old Peggy had, we should get many household matters much better attended to than we do. But, sad to say, Peggys are scarce in the present day, and whoever happens to have one should consider her a great treasure, and set very great store by her.

E. M. G.



LESSON 65.

AMY NEWMAN'S CHEST OF DRAWERS.

am-bi-tion, great desire	**top-sy tur-vy**, upsidedown
ca-pa-ble, able	**trink-ets**, anything small and of no great value
in-quis-i-tive, inquiring, curious	

ac-quaint-ance	**cam-phor**	**hand-ker-chiefs**
ar-range-ment	**clean-li-ness**	**oc-ca-sion**
ar-rang-ing	**en-ve-lope**	**slov-en-ly**

Amy Newman was a merry-faced, rosy-cheeked girl of thirteen, and she always looked as clean and bright as a new sixpence. You would have fallen in love with her, and made her acquaintance, directly you saw her, and would never have had occasion to regret that you had secured her friendship.

She was a pattern of cleanliness and neatness, and it would have shamed any slovenly girl to have taken a peep into Amy's school desk. She had quite as good a character at home as at school, which is not the case with all girls.

Now, in one corner of Amy's bedroom there stood an old-fashioned chest of drawers, which had belonged to her mother when she was a girl. It had long been Amy's ambition to carry the key in her pocket and call the drawers her own. Just as long had her mother promised that when she could mend her own clothes, and keep the drawers in order, she should have them. You can imagine, then, how delighted she was, on the morning of her thirteenth birth-

day, to find on the top of the drawers an envelope addressed to herself, and containing the key she had so long wished to hear rattling against her thimble in her pocket.

I need scarcely say how Amy spent several hours in turning everything out and re-arranging the drawers to suit her own fancy, but I know all the girls who read this will be curious to know what the drawers looked like when done, as well as what there was in them. Very well, my inquisitive young friends, if you really *would* like to know, I will do my best to tell you. Please do not think that I am telling you about Amy's neat arrangement of the contents of her own chest of drawers because I imagine *yours* to be all topsy-turvy. Certainly not. I know you are all quite as capable of keeping things neat and tidy as my merry little friend Amy was, and it would be very rude of me to suppose that you do *not* keep them so.

Now let us peep into this old-fashioned chest of drawers. There were two small drawers at the top. In one of them Amy kept her little trinkets, in the shape of birthday presents, Christmas cards, and numerous other articles usually belonging to the treasures of girlhood. In the other, carefully laid in little boxes, were ties, laces, gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs. Then came a long drawer full of underclothing, and lastly one for dresses, jackets, etc.

There was 'a place for everything, and everything *was* in its place'—so much so that Amy could have gone up-stairs in the dark to fetch whatever she wanted. Every article in the linen drawer was beautifully kept; not a hole in a stocking, nor a button or string missing any-

where. Amy's workbox stood on the top of the drawers, and every Saturday afternoon she spent an hour in looking over her clothes to see if any needed mending. You see it did not take her long to mend her clothes, because she did them *regularly* every week, instead of allowing them all to get out of order.

Had you looked into the bottom drawer in summer, you would have found Amy's winter clothing carefully folded, and put there, with two or three small bags of camphor in amongst them to keep the moths out. In winter you would have found her summer clothing put by in this drawer.

At the time I write, Amy has, like many others of my old schoolfellows, grown into womanhood, and now has more than one chest of drawers to keep in order, for she has a house of her own. Every room in it is just as tidy as every drawer in the chest was when she was a school girl. I called to see her only a few days ago, and there stood the old chest of drawers in one of the bedrooms. We had a long chat about our school-days, and wondered if all the old girls were as favourably circumstanced as we ourselves. But that depends upon how they have conducted themselves since leaving school.

E. M. G.



LESSON 66.

COMPOSITION OF OUR COMMON FOODS.

al-bu-min-ous, like albumen
el-e-ment, substance, simple body
ex-tract-ed, drawn out
fi-brous, thread-like

al-bu-men	glu-ten
del-i-ca-cies	nu-tri-ents
fi-brin	phos-phates
gel-a-tin	phos-phor-us

In this lesson I want to give you some idea of the composition of our common foods. Nothing will be said of dainties and delicacies, but only of our ordinary, every-day eating and drinking. It will be necessary first to explain a few of the terms used, or you might wonder what would become of you after partaking of substances with such curious names. It will perhaps help you to remember them better if we take them in alphabetical order.



Albumen. The white of egg is albumen. It exists also, in some form, in all the animal and vegetable foods known as 'flesh-formers.'

Casein. Sometimes written *caseine*, is from the Latin word for cheese, and is the cheesy portion of the curd of milk. It is the nourishing part of the milk.

Fibrin. This is the *lean part* of meat. Like albumen it is found in vegetables as well as animals.

Gelatin. This forms the principal part of bones, and may be extracted from them by long boiling.

Gluten. A name given to the fibrous or albuminous part of wheat grain. From the above you will know what *albuminous* means, though it is a long word.

Mineral matters. These include lime, iron, salt, potash, soda, etc., all of which are found both in animal and vegetable foods.

Nutrients. Simply means nourishing foods.

Phosphates. Most of you know what *phosphorus* is; you have noticed it on the lucifer match, and perhaps amused yourselves by rubbing it on your fingers in the dark to see it shine. All salts or minerals in which phosphorus is found are called *phosphates.*

With this explanation you will now the better understand the reference to them in the composition of our common foods.

FLOUR is composed principally of water, starch, gluten, sugar, and mineral matters.

MEAT is composed of water, albumen, fat, fibrin, and gelatin.

MILK contains all that is necessary to support animal life. It is composed of water, casein, fat, sugar, and mineral matters.

CHEESE is composed of water, casein, fat, sugar, phosphates, and common salt.

POTATOES contain a very large proportion of water and starch, and very few nutrients.

RICE is composed principally of water, starch, and fibrin.

EGGS contain water, albumen, oil, and mineral matters.

FISH is composed of water, fibrin, oil or fat, salt, and mineral matters.

PEAS AND BEANS are composed of water, casein, starch, fat, and mineral matters.

You will notice from the above that *water* enters into all the foods; and you will see, therefore, how important a part that element plays in everything we eat and drink.

E. M. G.



LESSON 67.

NUTRITIVE VALUE OF OUR COMMON FOODS.

nu-tri-ents, nourishing foods	**nu-tri-tious**, promoting growth
nu-tri-ment, food	**sub-sist**, live

de-fi-cien-cy	**po-ta-to**	**nour-ish-ing**
ex-ceed-ing-ly	**po-ta-toes**	**sim-i-lar**

Milk is the only food which contains a proper proportion of each of the nutrients required by young animals.

Cheese contains more flesh-forming material than meat.

Beef is more nourishing than mutton ; and the flesh of young animals is less nourishing than either.

Potatoes contain very little nutriment. A pound of bread is equal to three and a half pounds of potatoes in nutriment.

Rice and similar foods, being very starchy, are of little value as nutrients. We use milk with them in order to meet their deficiency in flesh-forming materials.

Fish is not so nourishing as butcher's meat.

Eggs are very nutritious articles of food, but in order to subsist entirely upon them, a man would have to eat eighteen a day.

Peas and Beans are exceedingly nourishing. A pound of beans is equal to three pounds of lean meat in nutriment.

E. M. G.

LESSON 68.

ALICE BRAND.

ban, curse
dark-ling, in the dark
el-fin, fairy
glaive, broadsword
in-con-stant, changeable
ma-vis, the song-thrush
merle, the blackbird
vair, fur
wold, forest
wonned, dwelt

Dun-ferm-line **hid-e-ous** **rus-set** **slaugh-tered**
fag-ots **mon-arch** **sheen** **with-ered**

I.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
  When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
  And the hunter's horn is ringing.

'O Alice Brand, my native land
  Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
  As outlaws wont to do.

'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
  And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
  Thy brother bold I slew.

'Now must I teach to hew the beech
  The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
  And stakes to fence our cave.

'And for vest of pall thy fingers small,
  That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
  To keep the cold away.'

'O Richard, if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

'If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest green.

'And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richárd,
And he his Alice Brand.'

II.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who wonn'd within the hill;
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill:

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

'Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;

Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die!'

III.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,
'That is made with bloody hands.'

But then out spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
'And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.'

'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.'

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?'

IV.

''Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairyland,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing;

'And gaily shines the Fairyland ;—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away
To the joyless elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.'

She cross'd him once, she cross'd him twice,
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold !—
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing ;
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey
When all the bells were ringing.

SIR W. SCOTT.